

JULY, 1927

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Screenland



Marceline Day

Anita Parkhurst

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* * *

Do you approve of The Freedom of the Knees—
for men?

* * *

What is the proper way to introduce yourself to a
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bedroom?

* * *

Is it good form to introduce the Strange Young
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finds you in the said bedroom?

* * *

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☞ SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.



SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

July, 1927

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XV, No. 3

Eliot Keen, Editor

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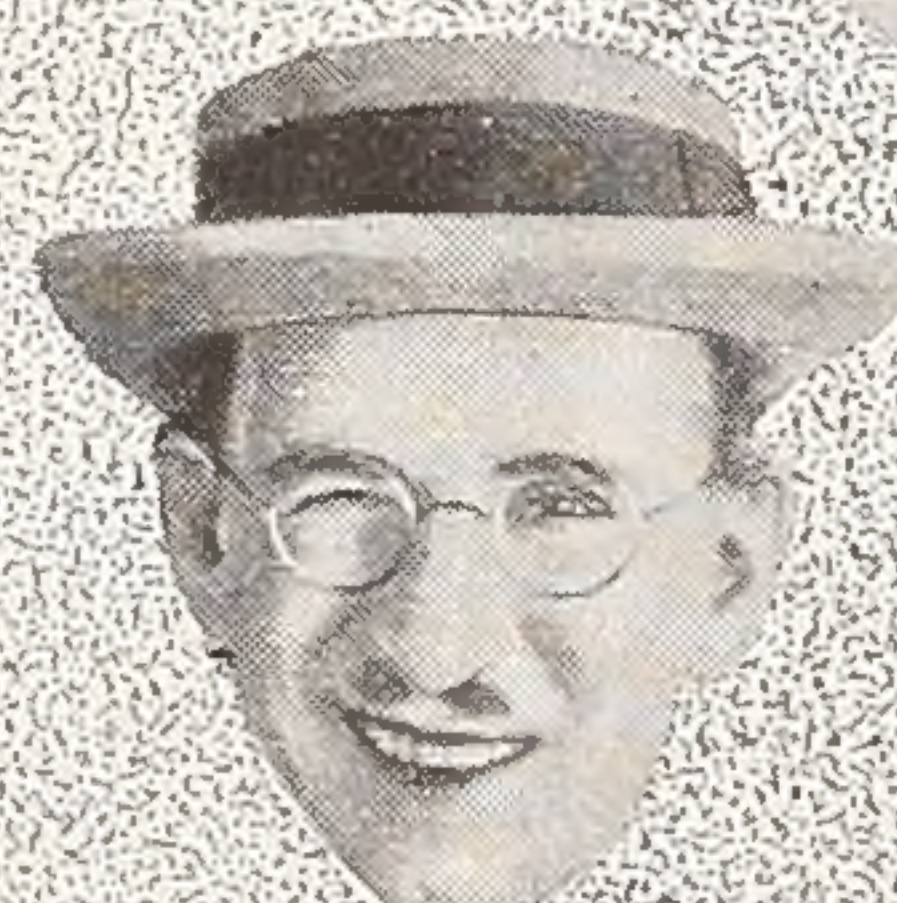
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An Answer Page of Information,
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MISS VEE DEE, SCREENLAND,
49 West 45th Street,
New York City.



Ramon Novarro on the "Old Heidelberg" set introduces his pup "Volstead" to some near beer.

SWEET PETUNIA. Sorry to blast your sweet, spring-like mood; but James Hall is married. Yes, I know—we all thought he wasn't. But the latest is that Jimmy, in denying a reported engagement to a girl, announced that the reason he wouldn't marry her was because his wife won't let him. Some people are so fussy! But don't let his matrimonial status effect your honest admiration for Mr. Hall. He's still doing good work at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood.

Blue Eyes. So your favorites are Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish. I can tell you must be a nice, sweet girl, and I'll bet you're good to your folks too, aren't you? You're right—Lillian hardly ever poses for a portrait in modern clothes. She's the original old-fashioned girl. Write to her at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. Lillian was born in Springfield, Ohio; she's five feet four inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has blue gray eyes and blonde hair—no, not blonde; it's pale spun-gold; sure it is. Mary Pickford, who by the way is Lillian's best friend, was born in Toronto, Canada, 1893. Mary's just five feet high, and weighs 100. Her eyes are hazel, while her hair—well, you know that without being told. (Yes, the curls are real.)

Coletta. Naughty, naughty Coletta! Three dozen addresses you want—but you won't get. Here are some to keep you busy. Ann Rork, Billie Dove, Anna Q. Nilsson, Colleen Moore—First National Studio, Burbank, Cal. Florence Vidor, Evelyn Brent, Paramount Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Now ask me another—some other time.

C. M. P., Sandusky. Doris Kenyon, I'm sorry to say, has retired from the screen, at least temporarily, due to serious illness. Miss Kenyon is now in a sanatorium in New York City. Her husband, Milton Sills, is at this writing in the east to see her. But his film work keeps him in California most of the time. I'm sure we all hope Doris will be better soon.

Tom Tyler Fans. And there are lots of 'em. Tom is the western star who is being groomed by F. B. O. to fill the place left vacant by Fred Thomson's desertion to the Famous Players fold. Tom is just twenty-two years old, born in Port Henry, N. Y. He learned to ride on his dad's ranch in Wyoming. He's a champion athlete, and

is sometimes referred to as "the strongest man in Hollywood". Wonder how Bull Montana likes that? Write to Tom Tyler care F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

Harold, Toledo. Dick Sutherland? Well, I've never had any requests for information about him before. Dick is one of the menace-ingest actors there is. He terrorized Harold Lloyd—and the audience—in "Grandma's Boy". Sutherland was born in Paducah, Kentucky, suh—he and Irvin S. Cobb, if I'm not mistaken. Dick spent two years on the stage as a blackface comedian. He's six feet tall, and those wicked eyes are really a nice, mild gray. He's a southern gentleman in private life, but oh, what a bogey-man on the screen!

Annie, Montana. If you sent a quarter to each of the players whose addresses you require, you'd be broke, Annie; and then you would blame me. So I'll just hand you out a few and you can save the other two-bit pieces. Jack Mulhall is a First National star. Natacha Rambova, former wife of the late Rudolph Valentino, is not in pictures now; she's playing in "Set a Thief", at the Lyceum Theatre, West 45th St., New York City. Ann Pennington is dancing in George White's Scandals, Apollo Theatre, West 42nd St., N. Y. C.

Louise Browne, Joplin, Mo. Thanks for your letter. I agree with you that Rockcliffe Fellowes deserves attention. Well, he has mine. But I suppose you mean bigger and better attention. He was born in Ottawa, Canada, in 1885; he had a distinguished stage career with Mrs. Fiske, Grace George, and others. He's five feet eleven, and weighs 175. Married to Lucille Watson, of the "legitimate". You wish he would have a chance to play other roles besides villains? But that's why I like him. He's such a swell villain on the screen, it would be a shame if he reformed.

R. Bell, Detroit. The Costello sisters, Irene Rich, and Monte Blue all do their chores for Warner Brothers at their Hollywood. (Continued on page 99)

Ask Me

New *Ventilated* girdle reduces waist and hips ~two to four inches in *TEN DAYS*

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A NEW screen romance, boys and girls—and one of the best! By the time you read this—unless she changed her mind—Pola Negri will be the Princess Serge M'Divani. Yes—Mae Murray's sister-in-law. It was a radiant Pola who sailed for Paris one sunny Spring day. On the same ship was Serge M'Divani, and they were on their way to be married, sometime in May, at Pola's chateau near the French capitol. It's a real romance. Pola and Serge knew each other in childhood. He, they say, has always been in love with the beautiful Polish girl. When he and his brother, David, came to Hollywood some months ago, the first thing they did was to look up Miss Negri and renew their old friendship. It was at her home that Mae Murray met David, whom she married after a tempestuous courtship of three weeks. At the time of the death of Rudolph Valentino, according to the story, Serge M'Divani proved himself a loyal and sympathetic friend to the grief-stricken Pola; and, some time later, it is said, the childhood playmates became engaged. And now—a happy ending!

Mae Murray and her husband saw Pola off for Europe. They have their own plans which include a little jaunt into the wilds of Africa to shoot lions. Can you imagine the petite and luxurious Mae confronting the king of beasts with gun and camera? But then, she had some experience with the Metro-Goldwyn lion. The production Miss Murray was to make for United Artists has either been postponed or called off. Hence the vacation.

Not that Lya de Putti likes Los Angeles less—but New York more. She just had to see Manhattan, having been out west for several months. So she dashed east between pictures, just to say hello. She was a delightful hostess at the luncheon she gave to see all her friends. Lya's real personality has never yet been registered on the screen, but we are still hoping. She's just the shadow of the de Putti you saw in "Sorrows of Satan" and "Prince of Tempters". She weighs about one hundred, and in the smart, simple suits she usually wears, resembles nothing so much as a well-bred but excitable child. Her English? It's remarkable, especially when she's in a hurry. Then she'll gesticulate wildly, call her interpreter, and cry: "Schnell, schnell—vas ist das?" Lya will do "Midnight Rose" and one more picture for Universal on the west coast; then she hopes to visit us again. You'll never guess who is one of her most intimate friends! Billie Dove.

Dorothy Gish came home from England, and the first thing she did was to rush to the Broadway Theatre where James Rennie is playing the leading rôle in "Crime". She couldn't wait to see it, and no wonder; Jim is her devoted husband. No less devoted because Dorothy's film work keeps her in London and his stage contracts call for his presence in New York—now, now, take that



« Bonaparte, sending in his entry for Harold Lloyd's contest for a doggy actor.

the way we mean it! After a flying trip to California to greet sister Lillian and Mrs. Gish, Dorothy returned to town—but not to stay. She's off to London Town to make more pictures. They like her so well over there they won't let her stay away very long. And Dorothy admits she would be perfectly happy there if she could have her family with her. The next Gish picture to be made in London will be "Alice in Wonderland", with Dorothy, of course, playing the immortal Lewis Carroll heroine. Nelson Keys, British comedian, will be the Mad Hatter; while the March Hare, White Rabbit and other beloved characters will all be portrayed as faithfully as possible. We have Dorothy's word for it.

Mary Hay, former wife of Dick Barthelmess, and the mother of little Mary Hay Barthelmess, motored up to Greenwich, Conn., from Manhattan one day—and returned Mrs. Vivian Bath. Mary senior's new husband is only twenty-one years old, but a big india-rubber man from Singapore, Straits Settlements. After their marriage the young couple hurried out to California to confer with Dick about the future of the Barthelmess baby, whom Mrs. Bath hoped to take to India with her. But her proud father refused to let her go, and Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Bath had to sail without her. It looks as if Mary Hay has given up her stage career. Singapore is a long, long way from Broadway.

Tommy Meighan said a reluctant farewell to his beloved New York, and left, with Mrs. Meighan, for Hollywood and a new Meighan picture. Their departure

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IF an occasion arose whereby you would be compelled to part with your most valued possessions, one by one, would you consider for one moment giving up the beauty of your complexion? The answer you know well—of course you wouldn't! Yet if you live a modern life, the life of this hustle-bustle age, you are sacrificing a part of your good looks every day.

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leaves one more vacant estate in Great Neck, Long Island, the paradise of wealthy theatrical people. The Meighan mansion on the Sound is closed for the summer. Albert Parker's place—he's Gloria's director, you know—is also deserted; while Ed Wynn has sold his country home. Mr. Wynn may take up film work seriously—but not too seriously. His business is laughs, and lots of 'em.

* * *

A young visitor arrived to see the sights, and became one of the sights himself. He was a centre of attention whenever he went out to walk, with newspaper reporters and cameramen hounding his footsteps. Before long he began to take it all as a matter of course, and went right ahead and had a good time. We're speaking of Bill Hart, Junior.

He's only four, but already he looks a lot like his famous father. He has the same deep-set gray eyes and determined chin. But he doesn't want to be an actor when he grows up—no, sir. He has made up his mind what he wants to do, and it isn't acting, and it isn't riding the range. In spite of his tender years, young Bill scorns baby-talk, so let him tell you his own ideas:

"First, I'm going to be a lawyer; and then a judge; and then a senator; and then the President. And then I'm going to take up writing and stick to that." He may have heard somewhere that most Presidents take up writing before—or after—they're through.

Bill's beautiful mother, Winifred Westover, attracted as much attention at first nights as her son did on bright days along the Avenue. You'll remember her as Bill Hart's leading lady in some of his westerns? Well, she hasn't changed a bit. She may go back to pictures soon, and if she does, she wants to play peasants—a type that no other actress, she says, has specialized in. As Winifred is a daughter of Sweden, it looks as if she has a good chance to come back to the screen and make a sensation. The camera is kind to ladies from Sweden.

* * *

The world premier of "The King of Kings" was the film event of the month. And when we say "world premier", we mean world premier. It was the very first showing of the picture anywhere. Cecil B. deMille decided that, while Hollywood may be—we're afraid it is—the picture production centre of the civilized world, New York is and always will be the business and executive centre. So he brought his masterpiece east with him to make its public bow.

There were really two opening nights—one for the press, and one for the public—a public which included representatives from every walk of life. Clergymen, educators, diplomats, famous authors—thronged to see "The King of Kings". Although the theatre is conspicuous for the enormous electric sign over it—said to be the largest sign ever seen on New York's "Main Street"—the presentation of the photoplay is most dignified in every respect and handled in a manner worthy of its great subject.

Cecil deMille was present at both premiers, but very much in the background. Mrs. deMille, a charming, gracious woman, accompanied him, with their young daughter, Cecilia. Jeanie MacPherson, who has written the scenarios for all the important deMille pictures, including "The Ten Commandments" and "The King of Kings", was a member of the deMille party which came east to attend the opening. Julia Faye, who plays principal rôles in many of the director's films, also made the trip. Probably never before in the history of motion pictures has one film inspired so much interest and enthusiasm in all concerned with its production.

* * *

Anita Loos and John Emerson have sailed for a rest abroad. Yes—we said "rest". The far-famed tiny author of—oh, you know as well as we do—is still so besieged by business and education in New York that she has to find some quiet place to retire to once in a while—some place like Paris, for instance. When she returns she will be plunged into the production details of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—there, that's out—which Paramount will produce on the west coast. Mal St. Clair will direct—hurrah! Miss Loos will select the lucky girl to play Lorelei Lee, will assist in the production, and will, of course, write the titles.

* * *

Ben Lyon and Pauline Starke are keeping the home fires, or the studio Kleigs, burning. Pauline, whose Metro-Goldwyn contract seems to be finished, came east to be Ben's leading lady for "Dance Magic", which Victor Hugo Halperin is directing for Robert Kane.

* * *

George Jessel, the stage comedian, has left to make his second Warner Brothers feature in Hollywood. The successor to "Private Izzy Murphy" will be "The Jazz Singer", from Jessel's successful stage play. May McAvoy will be his leading woman. Lucky George.



Olive Borden on her way to do "The Secret Studio", her next picture.



Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright.

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how

to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright!

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. My real ability, which was hidden so long by stage fright, is now recognized by everyone. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident aggressive talker—an easy versatile conversationalist—almost overnight.

No matter what work you are now doing nor what may be your station in life; no

matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential speaker able to dominate one

man or five thousand.

In 20 Minutes a Day

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knock"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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What This Course Teaches You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to address board meetings
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write better letters
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How to train your memory
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How to overcome stage fright
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation



THE authentic human side of one of our greatest actors.

Mr. Ullman's book is illustrated by photographs from the author's private library.

His sentence to jail; his reason for wearing a slave bracelet; his reported engagement to Pola Negri; these and scores of other interesting things about him are told in a manner in which only a close friend and adviser could tell them.

There were many things said and written about Valentino in the last few years of his life, and after his death, that did him great injustice. This book has been written primarily for the purpose of setting at rest those rumors.

Here's what eminent critics have to say about the book.

"An interesting and exciting book. It is easy to read, a dignified, plausible story." — HARRY HANUN,
New York World.

"Ullman's story is well worth reading." — WARD MARSH,
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Has an excellent flavor, interesting and authentic." — LUELLA PARSONS,
Los Angeles Examiner.

This publishing hit is being offered by SCREENLAND and by no other magazine at the publisher's regular price, \$2.00.

SCREENLAND Book Department, Desk 5

49 West 45th Street, New York City.

For the enclosed \$2.00 please send me a copy of "Valentino as I Knew Him".

Name

Address



James Montgomery Flagg, Emil Jannings and the portrait sketch made by the famous New York artist.

*What's
Doing in
Times Square*

By Helen Ludlam

BROADWAY, the thermometer of the entertainment world with its mercurial temperature raises one theatrical offering to success as it drops another, according to its well established custom. This month it is more brilliant with glaring announcements than it has ever been; more crowded, more critical and more than ever given over to the reign of the motion picture.

Above the abode of the "King of Kings" flash seven electric signs, one of them a bit larger than any on Broadway. From these signs there flashes a mellow yet poignant radiance that compels the attention of every eye, even in that pathway of brilliance—Broadway at Night. It is a fit expression of the Spirit that dominates the attraction within.

The signs have been changed in front of several long run houses this month. A great yellow one with the fearful word "Chang" flanks three sides of the Rivoli's portico, while alluring pictures of the Siamese jungle and its fascinating inmates decorates the facade of the playhouse. All sorts of ideas have gained circulation as to what the theme of "Chang" was, the most amusing though not unnatural deduction being that it had to do with the Chinese war. It is not my job to tell you what it is about but I can tell you that it is not even remotely connected with the hurricane of emotion that is sweeping over the Oriental mind. Above the Globe Theatre shines a name that has wrung thousands of hearts with pity—"Camille". Camille, that fragile lady of beauty and pathos—the unwilling Magdalene of the Nineteenth Century. Across the way at the Embassy, Lillian Gish shines forth in "Annie Laurie" and a little farther

down at Loew's State Richard Dix packs the house with "Knockout Reilly". At Warner's Dolores Costello and John Barrymore have settled comfortably in "When A Man Loves" and across the street at the Colony "The Missing Link" presumably clears up the question of evolution. The Capitol played "Venus of Venice" with Constance Talmadge last week and this week "The Understanding Heart" with Joan Crawford. The Strand has "Convoy" with an all star cast, and Charlie Chaplin in "Easy Street". Why no one ever revives "The Kid" I can't understand. "Old Ironsides" has taken possession of the Criterion and it looks like a long run, while "The Rough Riders" still sways the Cohan. Across the street at the Paramount, Bebe Daniels may be seen in "Senorita" and from the line I saw last night in front of the box office it would be wise to get there early if you want a good seat. Even a house with 4000 capacity has its limit. Next door at the Rialto Clara Bow and Esther Ralston are making things merry in "Children of Divorce". Clara's big black eyes and saucy nose lure one from one side of the theatre in an enormous colored photograph while Esther Ralston's blonde beauty intrigues from the opposite side. "What Price Glory" blazes away at the Harris. Roxy presents Laura La Plante in "The Love Thrill" and Misha Levitzki, the pianist. Last week it was "The Yankee Clipper" with William Boyd and Elinor Fair and the week before that it was "Ankles Preferred" with Madge Bellamy. The Cameo offers Norma Shearer and John Gilbert in "The Snob" and "The Big Parade" still plays to capacity houses at the Astor.

HOW do you like the new large-sized Screenland? It is printed in colors, written by experts and has the finest portraits and cover paintings to be found among fan magazines.



THE BIG PARADE OF STARS



AGAIN the lion leads
THE most dazzling constellation
OF talent in all screendom

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Who Said That Brown Eyes Are Sharpest?

These PRIZES will decide it!

COME on, you blue and hazel and gray eyes — and brown ones too. Which *are* the keenest? Which eyes really *see* motion pictures — and which merely look at them? Which catch the vivid details of plot and acting that increase so much your enjoyment of an M-G-M classic and help you remember it?

We would like to know. These prizes and the six questions below will tell! For the answers that reveal the sharpest feminine eyes, George K. Arthur will give his favorite cigarette case and a cash prize of \$50.

And to the lucky possessor of the keenest male optics, Karl Dane will award his personal wrist watch and a cash prize of \$50.

To the next 50 best, our favorite portraits specially autographed will be sent.

Let's go! And may yours prove the prize eyes!

George K. Arthur

Karl Dane

Our Six Questions!

1 What M-G-M picture has a scene laid on a Patagonian island and where is Patagonia?

2 How many laughs did you get out of "Rookies"? Name the author and director.

3 What do you think of the newly formed co-starring team of Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody? (not over 50 words).

4 In what M-G-M picture does the star soak the old apple for a circuit clout? Name the star.

5 Name two individual stars M-G-M developed this year.

6 How many M-G-M pictures did your local theatre show in the first six months of 1927? Give titles and names of theatre.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by July 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the William Haines Contest of April

MISS MARTHA MANSKI
547 Main Street Webster, Mass.

WILLIAM E. JARY
1505 Grand Ave. Ft. Worth, Texas

Autographed pictures of William Haines have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

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Beauty Secret is one of the very rare cremes that really feed the skin. Scientific laboratory tests prove this. Thus it is remarkable in erasing fine lines and crowsfeet. Beauty Secret not only cleanses the skin perfectly . . . its tonic oils keep the skin elastic, firm, alive! Another amazing tendency of Beauty Secret is to reduce coarse pores to smoothest, finest texture. Blackheads dissolve completely. Freckles steadily fade out. Under this complete skin treatment you will see the texture of your skin grow flawless in its creamy white smoothness.

Skin like ivory! Do you want it? Then send for one month's treatment of this new kind of creme.

Now . . . Double-Size Jars

As Beauty Secret is as yet available only in the leading drug stores of the largest cities, I will send it directly to you . . . in double-size jars . . . for only \$1.50, postage prepaid. Thus you get one of the costliest cremes ever made at no greater cost than ordinary cleansing creme. I believe every woman interested in truly effective skin-care should avail herself . . . for regular daily use . . . of the six-fold benefits of this new kind of facial creme.

Send no money—simply mail the coupon. When the package arrives, pay the postman only \$1.50 for the double-size jar. Then, if you do not feel that this is the kind of creme you have always wanted, I guarantee to refund full price simply for the asking. Mail coupon to day to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Address: 61 College St., Toronto

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

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Send me, postage paid, one Double-Size Jar of Beauty Secret. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.50. (Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose money order or check with this coupon.)

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Books for FANS



"A Part of ME lies on every BOOK SHELF"

By
Greta Garbo

"Greta Garbo understands and loves 'Anna Karenina'."

I LAY no claims to being a literary person, but were I forced to limit my library the book that would stand at the head of the list would be Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina".

Nor is this preference due to the fact that I have been cast in the title role of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, "Love", adapted for the screen from "Anna Karenina".

My love for the tragic heroine began when I was just a child. I read the book at the age of fifteen and I still am thrilled to contemplate that time. "Anna Karenina" is not a book but an experience!

Some books are merely printed pages to read and enjoy. Other books are out of this class and become not merely an amusing hour or so, but a vital part of the individual's experience. Of such is "Anna Karenina".

Certain books are stamped with the locale and the period in which they are written. Although Tolstoy was Russian and his story is laid in St. Petersburg, his theme is so great that it touches the lives of people from every part of the world.

Of course, I read the story in Swedish and when I traveled in other countries in Europe I discovered it in the libraries of the world, translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish and English. And I found gray bearded gentlemen reading it in their prim gardens as avidly as tropical eyed Italian girls.

And now imagine, if you can, how excited I am over creating the part on the screen. Loving the book as I do, having felt its enchantment as I have felt it, it seems almost too much that I should be entrusted with such a role.

My hope is that I will be able to bring the character to the screen in all her glory and that the screen story will thrill the world as the novel and the play did.

Like everything that is truly great, the story is a simple one. It is the story of a woman, her elderly husband and her lover. But Tolstoy has introduced an element that is usually left out of the eternal triangle stories. Anna loves her child and is forced to choose between her child and her lover. It is my belief that the love of her baby is predominant, although her terrific mental battles show that she does waver between the two.

In bringing Anna to the screen it is my hope to keep all trace of super-woman out of the characterization. Above all else I want her to be human, with the same hopes, the same joys, the same emotions of woman-kind of yesterday, today and tomorrow in Greenland, India or Africa. Anna is a toy of fate. To me there is something surprisingly admirable about her. Perhaps you may actively dislike her. At least you do not feel negative on the subject. She impresses you strongly one way or the other.

Both Dimitri Buchowetzki, the director,

and I want to sound the universal note in this production. We both want the power and the glory of the story to over-rule local atmosphere.

For instance, there are the gowns that I wear. Rene Hubert, who created them, took many liberties with the period. He made them the gowns of yesterday, today and tomorrow. They are typical of no period and this was done to impress the audience with the story and the characterizations rather than the background. Anna did not act as she did because she was born in Russia in the period before the war. Anna acted as she did because she was a woman. It is not the influence of surroundings, but of circumstances, that affected her. She is a woman of great wealth and social position, yet had she been born in a hovel her problem would have been the same.

Do not think that Anna is the only interesting character in the story. Each person is drawn by the master's hand. Ricardo Cortez, who is very near to me because he played with me in my first American picture, "Ibenez' Torrent", is Vronsky. Lionel Barrymore—what a great actor he is!—is the husband of Karenina while the other parts are held by such fine actors as Zasu Pitts, Dorothy Sebastian, Helene Chadwick, Andre Beranger, Mario Carillo, Albert Conti and Maude Turner Gordon. Do you know that we all of us feel that we have the chance of our lives to work in this story?

It is rather amazing that the works of Tolstoy, which are always so concerned with psychology, works that delve so acutely into the human mind are as adaptable to the screen as they are. Lorna Moon is responsible for the adaptation and the continuity and the screen story has lost none of the vitality of the original. The fact that Tolstoy lends himself so admirably to the screen proves that real drama is not always dependent upon blood and thunder action. It only proves that thought may be photographed and that mental battles are more startlingly dramatic than hords of advancing armies. More and more is the screen coming into its own. The producers are realizing that this medium is capable of expressing thought. The camera is able to delve into the recesses of the human mind. The role of Anna is not an easy one for me. In spite of the fact that I am so enthusiastic about it. I have loved Anna for so long and have literally lived with her during my many perusals of the book, I feel that I know her almost too well and I must struggle with myself to display to the world a character with all her weaknesses, but with all her charm, in the nudity of mind that the characterization requires. It is always difficult to show the world something that is very near and dear to you. Anna has ceased to be, for me, a character in a book and has become someone whom I know, someone as alive and vital as a sister. For that reason bringing her to the screen, displaying her before thousands is no easy task.

Motion picture fans have made many requests of their screen favorites. When they write to us they ask us to bring certain parts to the screen. They suggest that we arrange our hair a certain way or do away with certain mannerisms that they find annoying. I want to make one request of those who are interested enough to see me on the screen. It is this: Before you see "Love", give yourself the treat of reading "Anna Karenina", if you have not already done so. And if you have read it in your youth, re-read it now.



The Lure of Eyes 'neath shadowy Lashes



How her eyes beckon as they dart their thrilling glances! See how her eyes are framed in dark, luxuriant lashes. *That* gives the expression of radiant romance. She has simply touched up her lashes—darkened them a bit—*that* is her secret.

Do you know it? Just use WINX, the magic eyelash beautifier. Instantly your lashes appear longer and lovelier, your eyes more beautiful. To try it will delight you with the new wonder in your eyes.

WINX will not smear or streak the face, and it stays on beautifully no matter how warm the dance or theatre. Bob through the waves—swim, dive—WINX is waterproof and will not run, even should you cry. And it is harmless... Black or brown, 75c., U. S. or Canada.

After powdering, trace a bit of WINXETTE (the solid-form eyelash darkener) through the eyebrows to give an added charm. Black or brown.

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Offer! Try this way for "lovelier lashes—lovelier eyes." Mail coupon with 12c. for a generous sample of WINX. Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT, the waterproof Rouge that lasts all day.

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Enclosed are 12c. for a sample of WINX. Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT, the waterproof Rouge.

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Madge Bellamy
SCREENLAND'S
Honor Page Portrait Series

Screenland

July, 1927

Madge Bellamy



HIS Honor Page is to hold up to admiration and applause the work of little Madge, Madge with the Eyes of Shining Night.

The work which Madge did was—thinking. She knew she was not being herself in pictures and she decided she had really a blonde temperament, blonde behaving legs and other enticements. So the little student fixed her hair, flashed her knees and made the hit of her life. See "Ankles Preferred" and don't forget "Sandy",



Madge Bellamy in "Sandy". Her next vehicle will be "Colleen", a horse racing picture with Madge as an Irish lassie.



Emil Jannings as August Schiller in "The Way of All Flesh" begs your pity until you give him your heart.

"Try It ANYHOW"

By Eliot Keen

WORD comes from the West Coast that Jannings has surpassed himself in "The Way of All Flesh". If he has, all we can say is that he makes a new record in altitude. In our opinion, Emil Jannings in "The Last Laugh" and "Variety" gave the best performances to date. He was so wonderful that anyone could feel with him. He was as intelligible as a real experience in life.

Our editorial enthusiasm is aroused over the thought of this man's bravery. In far off Germany, surrounded by his friends, he won his pedestal in the film world. He was offered work here in a strange place and among strange people. His problem was whether or not he should come to the greatest of cinema cities. He came and *did the best work* he has ever done.

When you have done *your* best work on the home team and are enjoying the fruits of your good work among friends, the opportunity may come for you to go to the big league, the home office, or wherever the money calls.

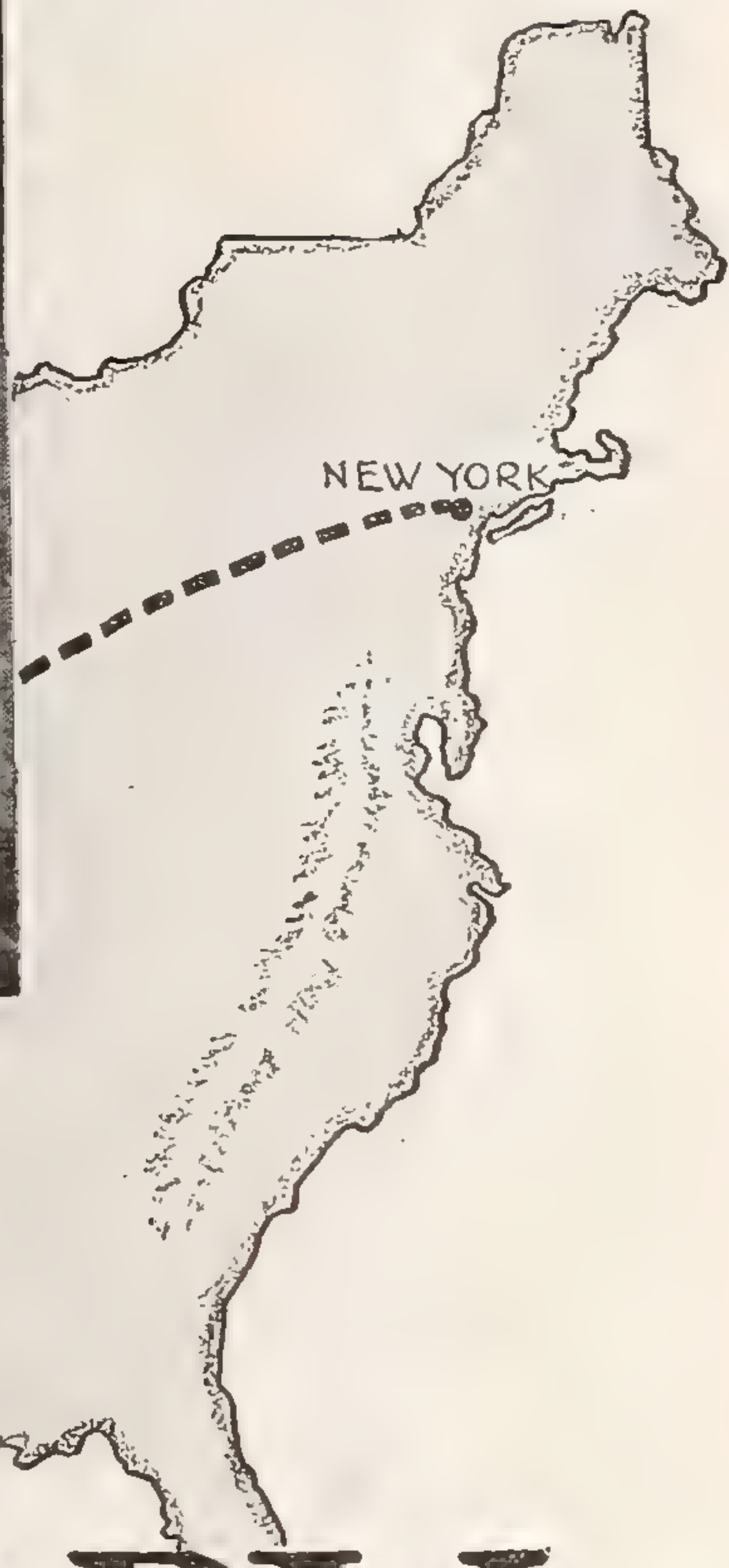
Perhaps you will be afraid to try it. This is to tell you that luck is on the side of the venturesome.

When your time comes in the new surroundings you will find yourself letting out a couple of unexpected notches and doing better than you ever did, or than you ever thought you could do.

Conquerors can't stick around the house.



☞ The Twentieth Century Limited of the New York Central Lines almost daily carries a freight of famous beauties.



HOLLYWOOD OKLAHOMA NEW YORK

The Route of GLORY



☞ Jack Hoxie rode the range of Oklahoma until he could no longer resist the lure of the train to Hollywood.

☞ The orbits of the stars of the screen world.

FROM Hollywood to New York and back again to Hollywood they go—the Glorified Ones. If your home lies near the New York Central, the Santa Fe or

the Rock Island Rail Roads, you have no doubt seen glimpses of some of the beauties of the screen.

And then the roar of the train dies away and the rushing transcontinental whisks out of your sight.

Sometimes the stars from the train see the admiring “natives” and sometimes one of these self same features of the landscape comes to life and climbs aboard and rides away to the great adventure.

Jack Hoxie once upon a time sat his horse, thought his cowboy thoughts and looking across the prairie let his fancies go far away with the smudge of smoke of the “Limited”. And now his dreams have come true as he rides the range of a thousand movie screens.



☞ Pauline Starke took the train from Joplin, Missouri, that wonderful, mysterious train that she had so often watched with eyes of longing.

EVERY KICK on



¶ The girls who begin in the chorus take steps to improve their fortunes.

By Delight Evans

¶ If, as the high brows say, all good pictures have rhythm perhaps that's why Joan Crawford with her dancer's body has found the screen as easy as an encore.

¶ Dorothy Sebastian danced in the "Scandals" and finally into pictures with scandalish speed.



BRING on the Dancing Girls!
Now where

have you heard *that* before?

It might have been back in Babylon, when the King was bored, and, clapping his hands thrice—twice is no good at all—called, for the love of Bal, for a little honest, decent amusement. He was sick and tired of running up and down to his towers, or inspecting those, there, now, Christian slaves; he wanted a little original excitement; a little good, clean fun. Well, hardly had he finished speaking when a bevy of perfectly beautiful girls rushed in and began to dance. The King

¶ The perky chorus of "The Circus Princess". Which girl will be the next movie sensation?

BROADWAY is a step toward Pictures



☞ Marion Davies made her phenomenal success after studying in the night school of Broadway.



☞ The chorus girls in film productions are often real chorus girls kicking their fame before them.

didn't know much about dancing but he knew what he liked, and this was it. The girls danced and danced and danced; and still the King kept applauding for more. The girls tripped on—and some did. They performed the great-great-great, etc., grandmother of the Charleston; and then they swung into the Babylonian Black Bottom. Whereat the King was so excited that he clapped his hands again and shuffled his royal feet and tried to do it, too, until the queen came in. Even so, he insisted upon rewarding the girls with all manner of strange gifts, and ordered a feast prepared of flamingo tongues seasoned with pomegranate seeds, boars' head pasty with honeyed wine, pies of thrushes' tongues, baby shark stuffed with Syrian plums—doesn't that make you hungry, though? But the girls had earned it, bless their little hearts—and feet, too.

That was only the beginning. Ever since, Kings have called for Dancing Girls. They are positively guaranteed to pep up any party, however dull. Whether they are carried in by Nubian slaves, or come out of a big golden egg, or trip in on their own trim little feet, they are welcome. When in doubt, just bring in the Dancing Girls. It's the same today. Never were Dancing Girls more popular. They're better than ever—though not bigger. Decidedly no. These days, it's quality, not quantity, that counts. There are fewer, and more beautiful, dancing girls. The work is harder but the rewards are greater. The girls get big contracts instead of banquets—in fact, banquets are practically taboo. The Kings nowadays don't encourage feasting. They sit back in their swivel chairs—

Cont. on page 92)



☞ Sally Rand of the Metropolitan Studios keeps in true chorus shape and



☞ So brings delicacy and grace to every part she plays.

I Helped RAISE



☞ Charlie Chaplin and Rob Wagner. They have long been intimate friends.

☞ Rob Wagner knew Monte Blue when he was just a studio laborer.

☞ Rob Wagner tells how Douglas Fairbanks studies to protect his Mary Fairbanks.



IS IT true that Pola Negri eats eau de cologne on her shredded wheat? Does Lew Cody sleep in a dress suit? Does Greta Garbo do this and does Ramon

Novarro do that? In other words are the film stars anything like their flickering characters? If not, what are they like in the intimacies of their homes? What do they do when they are not acting—if ever? The Editor of SCREENLAND says these are the questions his readers are asking and he has urged me to answer them. And I've promised to do it.

But, you ask, who the devil is Rob Wagner, and by what authority does he pull aside the curtains of Movieland and allow us a peek at our heroes as they really are? A perfectly fair question. And with my well known modesty I'll answer it.

Fifteen years ago I was a lily-handed portrait painter living a life of dolce far niente among the sun kissed hills of Southern California.

HOLLYWOOD

By
ROB
WAGNER



A few years ago Malcolm St. Clair was a pupil of Rob Wagner's in a California University.



It looked as though I were set for life in peace and quietude. Then a miracle happened. A new art was born. The Seven Arts were as old as mankind yet a new one was on the way and it was my good fortune to be present at its birth.

Rob Wagner, nurse to the infant Hollywood.

Something told me that this was a most important event and as nobody seemed to be celebrating it properly I dropped my palette and began to write. And through the ensuing years I cut loose with a long series of articles in the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines.

Furthermore, in the preparation

(Cont. on page 98)

Some *BIG* Boys come from some *VERY* *SMALL* towns

¶ Many of the movie actors who fill the Broadway Theatres are just "boys" to the folks back home.

By Rosa Reilly

WHEN you've made up your mind to leave town and have packed your little near-leather bag with a few belongings and many

dreams—as you step on the slow accommodation train that will carry you to the Big City, there will be one persistent thought that will keep you company. It will be heard in spite of the drums of adventure pounding in your ears. The car wheels will sing it to you. "Some day I'll come back and show them!"

Neighbors and friends may regard your career rather skeptically but can you blame them? They knew you when! —They remember the time! — To them you're still that freckled-faced brat.

That movie which Tommy Meighan played in about two years ago explains small town psychology better than I ever could. You remember the picture—"Back Home and Broke". How Tom came home and pretended to be penniless when all the time he had a great fortune. And the way folks changed their minds and drew their noses down out of the air as soon as they found the home town boy had made

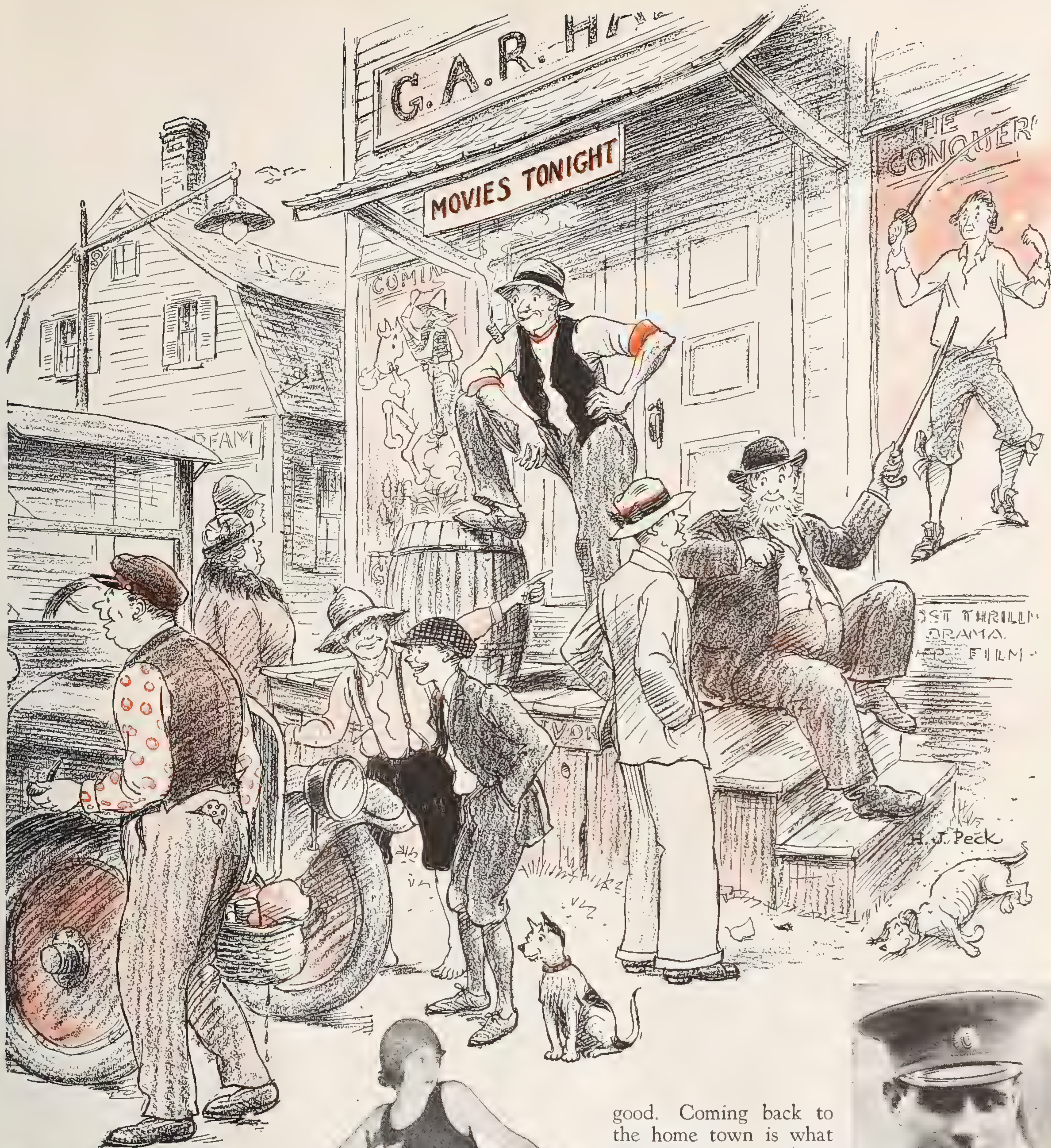


¶ When a picture with a local boy comes to the old home town.

¶ William Boyd gave to "The King of Kings" his own religious training.

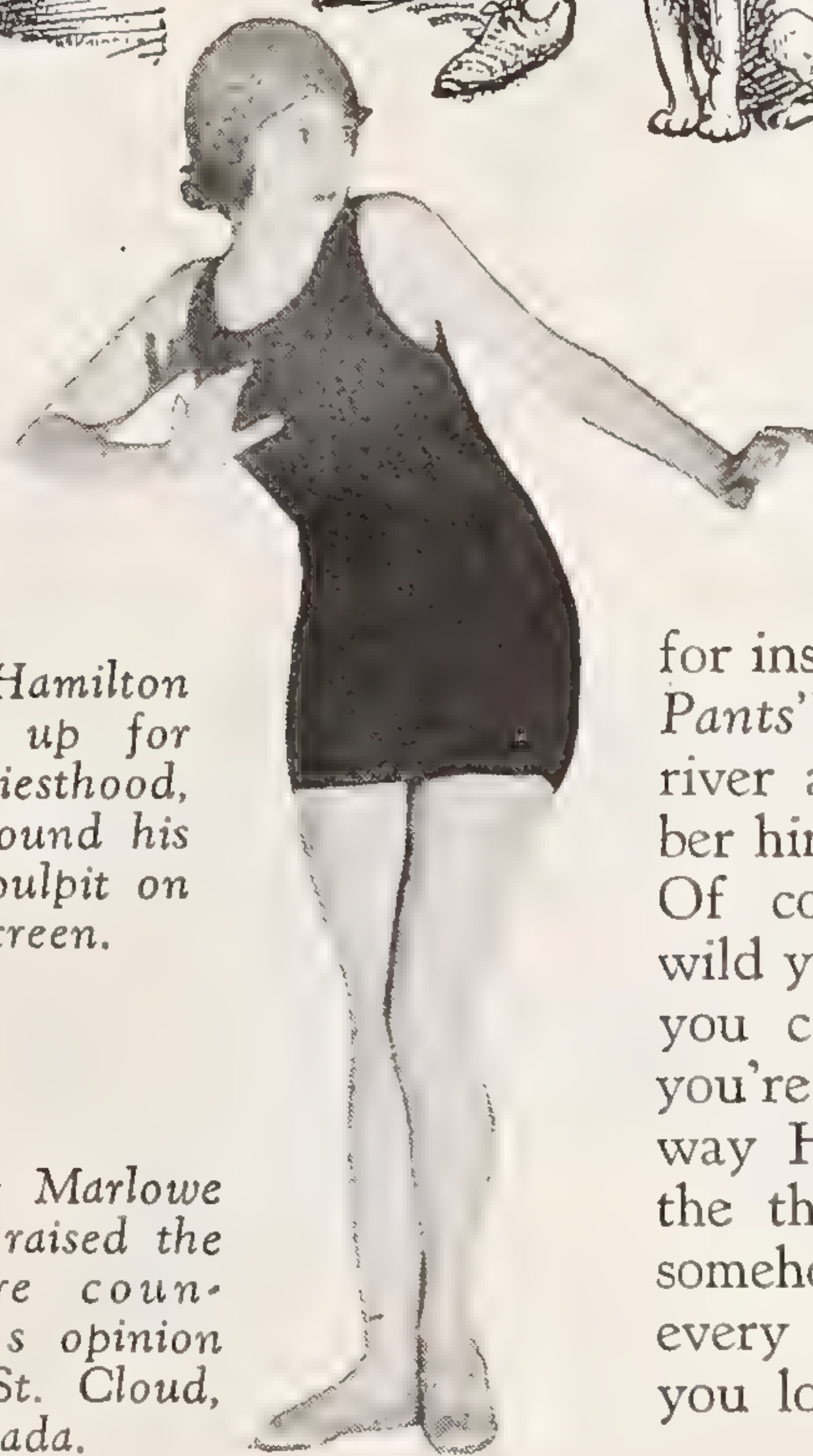


¶ Harry Langdon "wasn't much good" the neighbors said in Council Bluffs, Iowa.



Neil Hamilton grew up for the priesthood, but found his best pulpit on the screen.

June Marlowe has raised the entire country's opinion of St. Cloud, Nevada.



good. Coming back to the home town is what the motion picture player doesn't do anything else but.

Take Harry Langdon for instance. His latest is "Long Pants" but the folks along the river at Council Bluffs remember him in nothing but "shorts." Of course, Harry hasn't any wild youth to live down because you can't be very wild when you're earning your living peddling papers, which is the way Harry started out—selling the Omaha Bee around the theatres. Harry's youth was sad—not wild. And somehow, if you study every great clown and comedian, every famous comic writer and humorous composer, if you look at them closely you will

(Cont. on page 77)



Victor Varconi began studying his "Volga Boatman" part when a boy.

Fay Wray CENTERS

By Ben Markson

WHEN custom officials at the Canadian border examined the luggage of a neat, sweet little girl, crossing into the United States some years ago, they didn't realize she was smuggling in a million dollar career, great treasures of beauty and priceless gifts of talent.

But that is what the girl from the great Northwest had with her when she landed in the Great Southwest.

All Fay Wray had to do was draw a draft on destiny—so surely were her footsteps pointed toward fame.

There were deviations, yes; some disappointments, too. Her story might well be couched in the phrase: "From the ridiculous to the sublime; from two-reel slapstick comedies to splendid drama". And, if we must have a moral, let it read:

(Cont. on page 88)

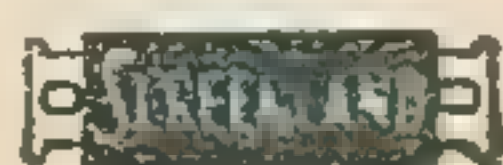


Ernst Erich von Stroheim has made "The Wedding March" around the appealing beauty of Fay Wray. It is already spoken of as the best 1927 picture.



CHARMING FAY WRAY now with Emil Jannings in "*Hitting For Heaven*", a role rich in the beauty of sincerity.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

MAY McAVOY
in
"Irish Hearts"

*"Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting."*
T. MOORE



SPARKLING COLLEEN MOORE is making
"Oh! What a Life"—good title—good girl.

Photograph by Talbot





INTRIGUING GWEN LEE plays the part of a heart-breaking, gold-digging chorus girl in "*Adam and Evil*".

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise



"Coming Up"

Gwen Lee is her own elevator boy.



Colleen Moore and Gwen Lee in a scene from "Orchids and Ermine". This is somewhat of a rise for Gwen since—

WELL, Gwen Lee has gotten a break!

That, I realize, is not what the purists would call elegant English. The sentence is written for what it is worth—good movie slang that packs a wallop as an announcement.



For the benefit of those who haven't been to Hollywood let the professor explain just what this means.

Gwen Lee, I'll wager, has as many friends as any young woman in cinema land. She's that kind of a girl. She's tall and blonde and honest and you can't help but like her, because she doesn't know how to pose and she couldn't be "ga-ga" if she tried.

Now you may think that she had a break when she left the extra ranks and signed a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. That was a break in its way. But then what happened? Bits? Lots of 'em. Small parts? Sure. Disappointments? And how!

The executives knew that Gwen had the stuff. They would not have signed her otherwise. But they also realized that she was new to the game. It takes something more than just the desire, to really act in pictures. It takes more than a mop of blond hair and a luscious figure. Gwen had to serve an apprenticeship. She had to be content only with bits while she watched the parts go to others with more experience, the parts

(Cont. on page 86)

"Pretty Ladies" was made with Gwen Lee just "the girl in the front row in the middle".



Dancing Gwen Lee, a skirt of film cuttings and a future merry and bright.

Marie Prevost Offers

Write a letter which tells your opinion of cute and sassy Marie.



Piquant Marie Prevost! Charming as a bathing girl, gifted as an actress and wonderful as a friend! What an inspiring subject for a letter.

THROUGH the kindness of Marie Prevost, SCREENLAND is able to offer a little encouragement to studious-minded readers. Miss Prevost is working at the Metropolitan Studios in Hollywood. The letter SCREENLAND received from her, offering the bag as a gift to her friends, was typical of the spontaneity of this girl who wriggled from her bathing suit to an envied position among the stars of the screen.

"When a girl steps from a Pullman car and points out her luggage to the porter, she just feels mortified to death if the bag doesn't look nice. I know I always did and I want some girl friend of mine to stick out her little snake skin shoes and her black bottom stockings and give her bag a proud little kick. Tell her to open it carefully at first because it is full of my best love."

(Signed) MARIE PREVOST

Address—MARIE PREVOST
c/o SCREENLAND'S CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 W. 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes July 15, 1927

Marie wears an R. S. V. P. expression as if she meant it.



her *F*ITTED BAG for a LETTER



☞ Marie Prevost and the gift bag. The tray of the bag with the fittings may be carried separately.

☞ The writer of the best letter will receive this bag which was purchased by Marie Prevost.

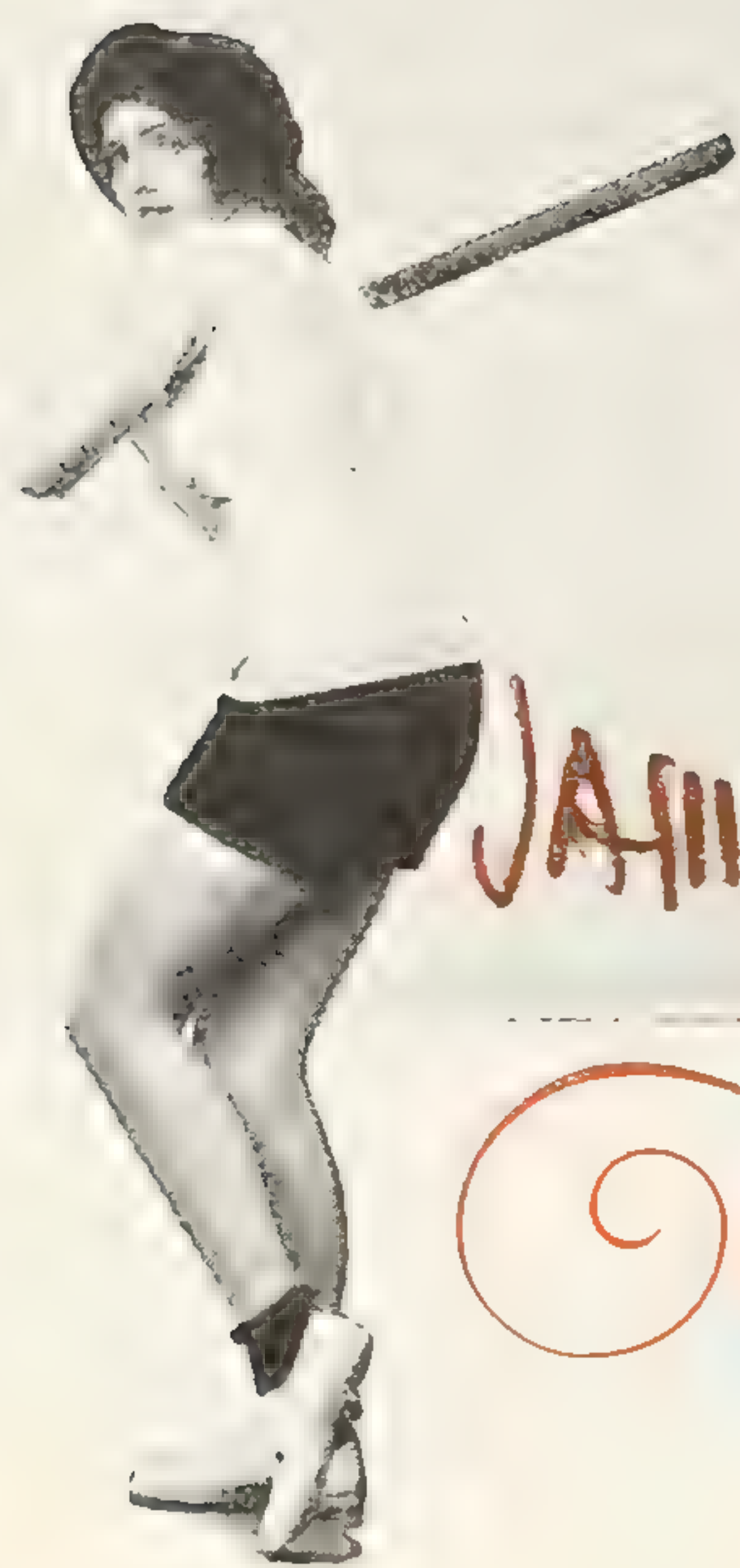
☞ Try to express clearly and sincerely the feeling that you have for Marie Prevost. Remember that a good letter is straightforward, sincere and clever.

☞ Three of Marie Prevost's prized possessions, one of them will be sent to the winner. Would you like to have Marie Prevost's fitted bag?



MARY MABERY

JAMES MCOUTCOMERY FLAGG



WHEN Flagg, the famous artist-illustrator, visited the Mack Sennett studio he was captivated by the beauty of Mary Mabery. His admiration shows in his sketch, in the delicacy of the drawing. Miss Mabery may climb to greater heights than her present job but she will never sit to a finer artist.

Dreams That Come Across

By George Mitchell

HE was twenty . . . she was eighteen. Neither had a nickel to throw at a cat. But they were breathlessly in love with each other, more, oh yes, much more than any other two people in all the wide, wide world . . . yesterday, today and tomorrow.

He had had a good schooling . . . a classic background with one leg in Greece and the other in Rome . . . his middle distance was rather wobbly but his future was pitched so high, so thoroughly amongst the stars, you couldn't see it for the clouds, pink, golden fleecy clouds behind which he assured himself lay the pearly gates and the golden stairway that led to Success and up which he was going to carry her on and on to that perfect joy; that beatific heaven which is the ultimate aim of all young dreamers.

He was full of great beauty. His the soul of an artist. In the years to come he would develop. He needed nothing more than a few pounds of lead in his heels to hold him down to the earth . . . But he was young, he loved her mightily and he might be forgiven if he was eager, impetuous to begin, get going, started on the road.

He had no material values . . . otherwise he might have been said to be practical. Neither had she . . . and they were alone in the world . . . Two orphans with but a single ambition.

He was a dreamer. So was she. But their dreams were of beautiful things. He dreamed of painting. He would rekindle the world with his art. He read biographies of all the great masters, Angelo and Da Vinci and the other great giants who had left Gargantuan footprints on the sands of Life. He would have lived in those days when the dollar mark was not the symbol of success.

He dreamed of writing. He would have walked with Dante or Plutarch when an intellectual was an aristocrat and not a picturesque beggar.

He would have been a Beethoven to lift the sordid world to heights of great joyousness with the gorgeous patterns of melodic art . . .

He dreamed . . . this lad of twenty.

Meanwhile he worked

from nine to five in a publishing house, reading the mediocre output of men he deemed to be nothing better than literary adventurers. He earned a salary scarcely large enough to hold his great soul within his fine young vigorous body.

And because he dreamed great dreams, he fell woefully behind in his work and found himself out in the great open spaces where he could the better see the stars to which he had so firmly hitched his wagon.

(Cont. on page 95)



“Never were there more glorious stars, pinker, downier clouds . . . He wrote poetry between spadefuls.”

The BABE

George Herman Ruth, known wherever the azure is punctured with circuit clouts as "Babe Ruth", has acted the part of a baseball performer in "Babe Comes Home"

Ruth looks challengingly at the pitcher. "Throw it and duck".

MAYBE they're happy in a certain big-league baseball park in Little Old New York right now; maybe he's slugging out home runs galore and whooping up the eastern air with howls of joyous glee. Which is, of course, as it should be. But to put it plain and from the heart, there's a lonesome spot in Hollywood since Babe went home.

Babe, you know, came west to "do" a picture out First National way. For some unknown reason, I had had no inclination even to watch them shoot a single scene until one day I met a bosom friend of mine, young Mickey Bennett.

Oh boy! as Mickey says, I'd be worth the least of the least in my pal's eyes if I didn't go out to the lot to see him work with George Herman Ruth, the hero of the hour!

You can do a lot of things to grown-up folks, but you simply cannot disappoint a kid who thinks you're good. To clinch his point, Mick pulled a brand new baseball out of his pocket. "To Mickey—my pal—from Babe—your pal," it read.

"Golly," my ignorant self was further informed, "I have two more at home just like it—all from Babe. Say, I could pull just one of these on any gang of fellas and zipp, like that, I'd be cap'n of every baseball team in Hollywood."

In the usual way, Mick shined it up a bit. I couldn't possibly conceive of anything so marvellous as that—cap'n of every baseball nine in movieland was more than anyone could hope to understand! By all the aints above, I'd have to see this wonder man who had come out of the east.

Mick took me to the lot where they were making "Babe Comes Home". That's the name of the picture. The minute I reached the set I felt the happy atmosphere



BATS OUT *a Picture*

By Marion Brooks Ritchie



© Hollywood said farewell to Babe Ruth to the moving strains of Hawaiian music.

of harmony. And with that harmony, I felt a something else which Anna Q. Nilsson immediately proceeded to explain.

They had him "framed!" The whole, entire gang had framed against The Babe, and all were sort of nudging one another because the time had come to play the ace, the plot was laid and they were simply itching for the grand finale.

At last—

"Now, Babe," started Director Ted Wilde, "here's your action for this next. You've lost the game for your pals, you think your girl has gone back on you, and when Mickey, your maot, bothers you a bit, you give him a shove and knock him down. It hurts him. Then you see what you've done, you feel terribly sorry, and you go over to him and tie him in your arms. Now then, let's start. Mickey knows his action already."

"Mickey knows his action alrdy!" You bet your sweet life he did! The whole gang, from the prop boy, through to the grips, to the camera filler, the second cameraman, the cameraman, Director Wilde, producer Wid Gunning and the whole cast knew the act of that scene a couple of times by heart. Mick was to get Babe. He was to make Babe cry, and then—ha, a—they'd have a great old laugh.

The camera started grinding. Babe gave Mickey the push and knocked him over hard. It must have hurt for sure. A bit of movie pain flashed across the little villain's face. Babe turned, hesitated a mere fraction of a second and then grabbed the kid. "Aw, Mick," from Babe—"I didn't mean to hurt you—honest, al." Two

big tears dropped from the little devil's eyes. "Honest, I didn't mean to hurt you, Mick," begged Babe, and a great big guy who's only a great big kid, started to sob for sure.

The cameras stopped grinding. "I suppose," thought I, "the fun will now begin."

And it did. I never saw such a crowd of shamefaced men, turning their heads away, forcing would-be sneezes into vacant sets to hide their guilty tears from each other, and with Babe not quite understanding what the whole thing was about.

So they went along, kidding each other, laughing and fooling together, with Babe making almost more friends in the movies than he has in his own good game. I watched them work many days after that because of the unmistakable air of camaraderie of the set. Though it was rush, rush, rush all day long

(Cont. on page 93)



“Slim”, the ancient sourdough, who as an extra lived again the days when hopes were high. He sits beside Tully Marshall.

“Dog teams, packs, men, sleds, cold and above all the call of gold. GOLD! A scene from the picture.”

A SNOW plough, two locomotives and a blinding blizzard heralded our advent into Corona, Colorado! Corona is a name on a map. It is nothing but a snow shed and few scattered cabins. Now it has a claim to fame because it was chosen by Clarence Brown for a four weeks' location trip during the filming of “The Trail of '98”.

There were a hundred or so people on the train that left Denver, members of the cast, some particular type extras and the staff. Several thousand men were to be brought up from Denver to act as extras.

The altitude, 11600 feet above sea level had already affected us and when we saw the biting snow and the wind, which never blew at a rate less than 30 miles an hour, we were loath to leave the warm train to view the location set which had been built before the arrival of the company. We had been told that it was an exact reproduction of Chilkoot Pass and Sheep Camp that had figured so strangely in the pioneer Klondike gold rush, when, in 1898, thousands of men and women pulled up home stakes and followed the crowd to Dawson City.

We did venture out however for the train that was to be our home and our protection from the weather for a month.

On the

"TRAIL of 98"

☞ Ralph Forbes as "Larry" in Clarence Brown's great epic of Alaska.



☞ Yukon Gold Rush days on the screen, when the roughest were the kindest.

By Katherine Albert



☞ Harry Carey, as Jack Locasto, a personification of the evil that ever follows the trail of gold.

The thermometer indicated a temperature of 20 below zero, the wind whipped the snow into our faces and the altitude so took our breath away that it was at a snail's crawl we fought our way to the location site.

It rather bursts upon you. Up an almost perpendicular mountain, steps had been carved in the ice on the trail. At the foot of this a few scattered tents and cabins had been erected. The trail goes up, up, up. Not a tree, not a twig. Nothing, absolutely nothing but snow. White—blazing white!

I was struck with it all and in my mind's eye I saw those thousands of struggling men and women who had pulled themselves up "The Golden Stairs" so many years ago. Clarence Brown, Ralph Forbes, Charles Dorian, the assistant director, Karl Dane, Harry Carey, Tully Marshall, Polly Moran, George Cooper and I were well toward the front of the group.

"How do you like it?" asked Brown.

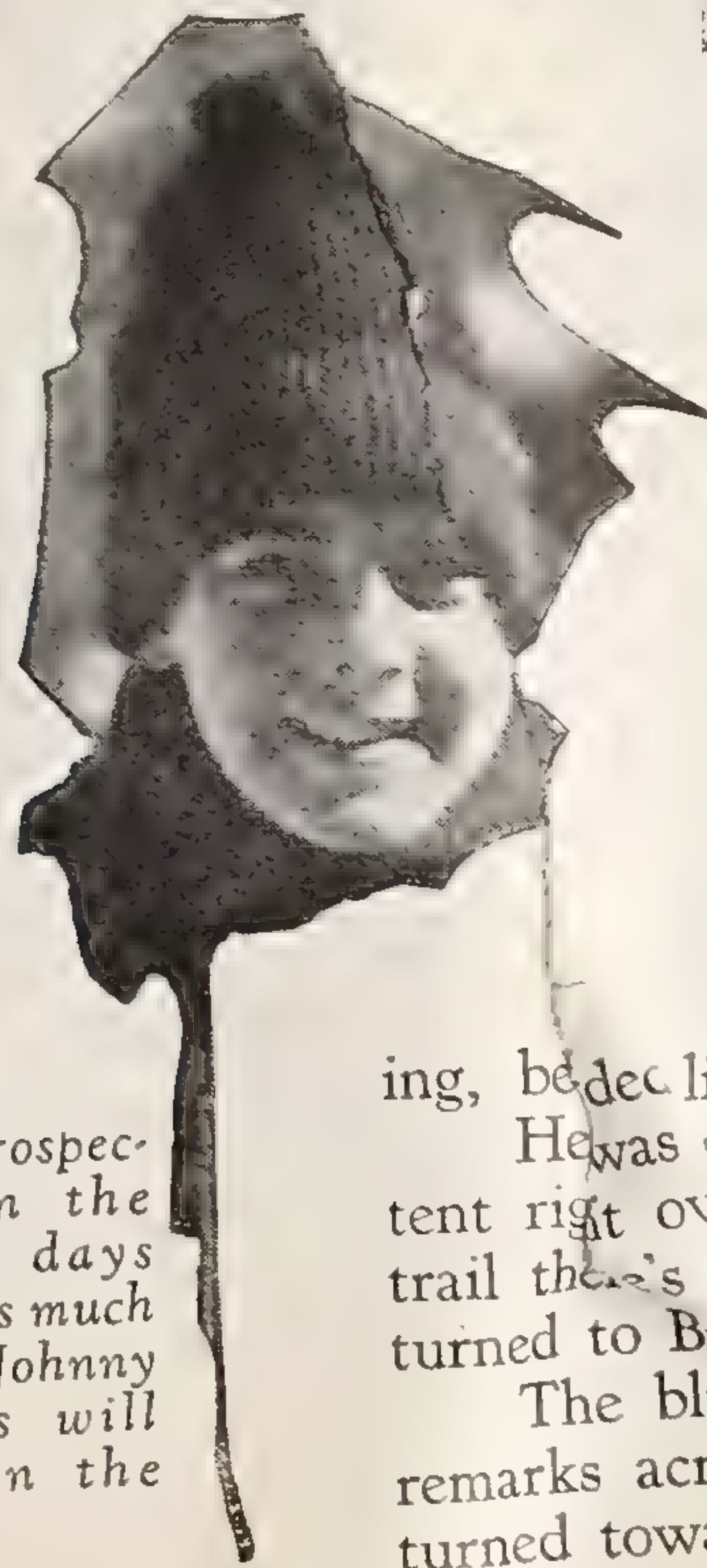
I had no time to answer for back of us someone shouted, "That ain't no movie set, that's Chilkoot Pass!"

We turned to see a man, dressed in the warm clothes that all were wearing, be like the rest of the men, ploughing through the snow toward us.

He was excited as the blizzard would allow him to be. "Why there's Injun Charlie's tent right over here and there's the cabin Swede Swanson died in and up over that there trail there's gold, I tell yu." His eyes rested on the scene for a moment and then he turned to Brown. "Say, this ain't no movie set!" he exclaimed in an agrieved tone.

The blizzard whipped up suddenly. The wind in a new burst of energy carried our remarks across the mountain and the cold and height took our breath away. We all turned toward the place where our train was. I linked my arm (Continued on page 96)

☞ Few prospectors in the Yukon days mined as much gold as Johnny Downs will find on the screen.





Every one in Hollywood loves her, so they

A Surprise Party for

By Grace Kingsley

"THIS is a great joke on Carmel, isn't it?" demanded Patsy the Party Hound, as we ascended the steps of Carmel Myers' pretty seaside home in that picturesque canyon at Santa Monica where all the millionaires live.

"But a perfectly delightful one," I qualified.

Carmel's mother had planned a surprise birthday party for her, and Bessie Love had been given the job of keeping Carmel away from home all day, with the result that Carmel arrived in the midst of her party clad in a tennis suit, and with her hair, which she is letting grow, flowing rather wildly over her shoulders. But of course anybody young and pretty like Carmel doesn't have to worry about a little thing like that.

Bessie, we found, was all worn out with her strenuous day.

"I got her out for lunch and tennis," declared Bessie, "and then I wondered what I should do with her in the evening until her party was ready. Carmel kept saying that she must go home, and that it was her birthday and——"

"Yes," put in Carmel, as we four went upstairs, Pat and I to get rid of our wraps, "and I was pretty hurt at mother for not seeming to notice my birthday."

"But I finally hit on the plan," explained Bessie, "of asking Carmel to dinner at my house, and though I had a hard time persuading her, I finally did manage."

A while before we arrived, Carmel had come into the darkened house, and everybody had shouted "Boo" as the lights were turned on.

"Yes," put in Gertrude Olmsted, "and we nearly got nervous prostration before Carmel arrived, as every time the assembled guests heard a machine coming down the road, we had to switch off the lights."

The party was a fancy dress affair, and everybody was masked. So they made poor Carmel guess who everybody was before the masks were removed. All the boys were dressed as gobs, since the party was by the seaside, and of course Irving Asher had to make a wise crack:

"I'm a sailor but I can't get a broad!" he exclaimed.

"That's horrid slang!" Rosabelle Laemmle admonished him.

Carmel was very keen at her guessing, even if the boys did look pretty much all alike in their gob suits. Bessie



Love was hard to guess because she wore boy's clothes, but of course arriving Carmel had a suspicion at once.

Gertrude Olmsted was very funny in a Bowery costume but really isn't quite rough enough for that sort of dress as it turned out, since, when she tried to put on a sort of apache dress with one of the boys, she suffered rather a hard fall. But she picked herself up at once, and though pale smiled brightly.

Olive Borden in this picture is a different woman. She leaves all her past performances a thousand miles behind her. And rises to starry heights. Both dramatically and in a new sort of physical and spiritual loveliness.

Second: there's Don Alvarado—John Gilbert's true screen brother. Right now I want to go on record as saying that he is as handsome and as fine an actor as any leading film man to-day. It's not only that he's unusually good looking—with tremendous sex appeal. It's not only that. He has both looks and appeal—and something infinitely more. What it is I don't know. Just go see the picture. And then you'll understand what I mean.

Third: There's Jacques Lerner upon whose character acting the whole show depends. What a pathetic, appealing fateful actor he is! When a clown falls in love with a beautiful circus lady, he can always wash off his paint

and play Don Quixote after hours . . . but Jacques Lerner . . .

Well, I can't tell you about him. Just go to see the picture. Go to see Olive Borden and Don Alvarado and poor little Jacques Lerner.

MATINEE LADIES

When any boy or girl considers the movies from a personal angle what is his first idea? Why shining as the beautiful heroine or the strong hero! And what stupid miscalculation that is!

Take the case
(Cont. on p. 82)



Ⓒ A dashing buccaneer—Milton Sills in "The Sea Tiger".



Ⓒ May McAvoy and Malcolm McGregor in "Matinee Ladies".



Ⓒ Mary Astor and Larry Kent in a picturesque scene from "The Sea Tiger".

The STAGE



Photograph by
De Mirjian Studios

"Hit the Deck"

IT IS a pleasure to find ourselves in accord with the advertisements. We used to be an advertising man ourself once. So when the press-agent tells you that "Hit the Deck" is a great show, we want a chance to rise and cry "You said it!"

Herbert Fields did the book, which is an adaptation of the play "Shore Leave". Vincent Youmans of "No, No, Nanette" fame did the music. In the cast are Louise Groody, Charles King, Stella Mayhew and Madeline Cameron.

John Wenger made the sets and did nobly. But the star of the show is Mr. Seymour Felix, who staged the dances. Without Mr. Felix it is conceivable that "Hit the Deck" would have been a good show. With him it is a show you've got to see. And we don't mean maybe.

If you saw Dick Barthelmess in the picture, you know the story of the little girl and the gob named Smith. And how, despairing of finding him, she threw a party for all the Smiths of the fleet and found him again only to lose him because she had grown rich. And of how she deliberately went back to her coffee-house and put her money away so that he could come back and claim the poor little rich girl. It's all there and done very nicely, too. With some of the best dancing these old eyes have ever seen.

We don't have to tell you about Miss Groody and Mr. King. But more years ago than a gentleman would mention we saw Stella Mayhew stop the vaudeville show at Hammerstein's Victoria, now the Rialto Theatre with movies de luxe. And so you can guess at the warm glow that was ours when we saw Stella Mayhew, a little more



Ann Milburn and
James Marshall in
"Cherry Blossoms".

buxom perhaps, step out of "Hit the Deck" and stop the show again. Yes, sir, "Hit the Deck" is my baby. And yours.

"Mixed Doubles"

It may be that with old age comes tolerance. It may be that we are blessed with vision denied to other men. At any rate, in spite of the hammers hurled at "Mixed Doubles" by practically all of the daily reviewers, we found it a mildly amusing evening.

The girl we took with us—her name escapes us at the moment—took advantage of an opportunity in the second act to make her escape from the theatre, so you get a slight idea of how she felt about it. But, as we look the matter over in its broad aspect, we come to realize that she is a girl limited in vision. She has a bigoted way of looking at things. Anyway, if it hadn't been "Mixed Doubles", it would have been something else. The break had to come, and it's probably for the best. Of course, she is pretty, but you know those good-looking blondes. Just dumb. And, anyhow, her cooking was bad.

"Mixed Doubles", as we started to say when somebody brought in personalities, is labeled as a farce. And when a play calls itself a farce, we, for one, are willing to waive something in the way of plausibility. It is just possible that this case of not being sure who your wife is couldn't quite have happened. Our answer is: what of it?

"Mixed Doubles" has Margaret Lawrence in the cast, so even if it were bad, we would like it. It seems Miss Lawrence is a divorcee, who has contracted a second marriage before her decree is made absolute. Before the evening is over, she turns out to be the wife of no less than three of the cast. The rest of the males are willing

COACH

Conducted by

Morrie Ryskind



☞ The girls of "The Circus Princess" give Morrie's old bus a little pep.

to assume marital responsibilities, and so was at least one member of the audience. A woman like Miss Lawrence is too good for just one man, anyhow.

"Wall Street"

Every now and then a play comes along that just leaves a reviewer nothing to say: to be concrete, take "Wall Street". Of course, you don't have to take "Wall Street"; indeed, our thesis for the day is that "Wall Street" is the kind of play you can take or leave alone.

It is not so bad, this play of bulls and bears, that you are driven out of the theatre before its conclusion. It is not so good, on the other hand, that you come out shouting about it. In fact, the whole trouble with it, from a reviewer's standpoint, is that you can't get excited about it. The girl we took, to be personal, has not refused to talk to us as a result; and there have been times when, taking a young lady to a show, what looked like a real love match has been suddenly broken off. Suddenly, but not without cause.

It is the idea of James N. Rosenberg, who wrote "Wall Street", that a good deal of gambling goes on in the Street that gives the play its name. That as a result of this gambling some people get rich and some get poor, and that some of the former don't know what to do with



Photograph by White Studio

☞ Donald Meek and Aline MacMahon in "Spread Eagle", the stirring drama.

their money, and that some of the latter commit suicide. Mr. Rosenberg is a lawyer, and he can cite instances to prove his case. As a matter of fact, we are in a position to say definitely that, as a result of trading in stocks, some people get poorer. That anybody ever gets richer we doubt, but some day that oil stock of ours may turn out all right. And, if by that time we haven't committed suicide, we expect to go in for (Cont. on page 76)

GILBERT ROLAND

*the
Screen's
latest*

"GREAT LOVER"

By Beulah Livingstone



Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland in a dramatic scene from "The Dove". Here his Spanish cynicism finds expression, and is enhanced by his cosmopolitan nonchalance.

NEW YORK is marvelling at the mercurial rise of Gilbert Roland. A year ago he played a small part in a program picture—today his name is featured on Broadway as the hero of Norma Talmadge's "Camille". He was not chosen for that role by mere chance. Before it was assigned to him, almost every actor in Hollywood had passed critical scrutiny. Roland seemed to have the peculiar combination of characteristics necessary for Alexandre Dumas' famous hero, Armand Duval. And those who chose him were not disappointed. Like the flame in a Roman torch-race, the word has flown round that Roland is a handsome, stirring, vivid Armand—a new hero for popularity contests.

Now a thousand questions about Gilbert Roland spring to a thousand lips. Where did he come from, how was he discovered for the screen—who are his antecedents and what is his future? A new star in the Hollywood constellation is as important a development in the motion picture world as is a new peony in a botanist's collection.

Roland is a Spaniard, twenty-two years old. His father was one of Spain's leading matadors, his grandfather and his great-grandfather were well-known bull-fighters, too. It is no wonder therefore that his family expected young Gilbert to carry on in this pursuit, which that vocation certainly is! Born in May, under the sign of Taurus, the Bull, he seemed especially predestined for bull-fighting.

His childhood was spent in a country place near Seville. Matadors came and went discussing the different methods of bull-fighting, famous arenas, great bull-fighting heroes. This (Cont. on page 77)



GILBERT ROLAND—is it the eyes that best tell of love or is it the chin that girls cannot resist? The line forms to the right.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr



GRACEFUL GRETA NISSEN'S next picture with Thomas Meighan is "*We Are All Gamblers*". One hundred to one it's good.





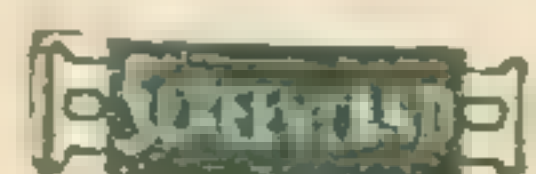
BEAUTIFUL JOSEPHINE DUNN, Screen-
land's candidate for the part of Lorelei Lee.
She has the only feminine role in "*Fireman
Save My Child*" her next.





RICHARD BARTHELMLESS and his discovery Molly O'Day in his new picture "*The Patent Leather Kid*".

Photograph by Harold Dean Carsey



Molly O'Day



By
Media Mistley

¶ There's a new leading lady in pictures. A blossom from the Old Sod.

“WHEN Irish eyes are smiling—
All the world seems bright and gay—”

And when Molly O'Day smiles, your own heart skips a beat and you look into a pair of hazel eyes, fringed with long dark lashes and reflect that if Ireland never produced anything but lovely women it would merit a place in the sun.

Of course Molly wasn't born in Ireland; but she is a direct descendant of the Celtic race and her mother was a singer with a remarkable voice. She surrendered a five year contract with Metropolitan Opera in New York to marry and become the mother of ten children — six boys and four girls. Which

gives to the world little Molly O'Day with a saucy face that just invites — well, admiration. Full red lips, a rounded throat, wavy dark hair, and teeth like the proverbial pearls and you get a mental picture of the sort of girls that spring from the royal line of Kings in the Emerald Isle.

I met Molly at the First National Studio during Christmas week, just after she had signed a long term contract and had received her first role—leading woman with Richard Barthelmess in his starring picture, “The Patent Leather



¶ Molly O'Day and her sister Sally O'Neil, who have proved the rule, “big family, big hearts”.



¶ Molly in her pretty dress which she wears in “The Patent Leather Kid” with Richard Barthelmess.

Kid”. Isn't that the luck of the Irish with a vengeance!

No wonder that Molly O'Day was almost speechless at first; but when she had regained her wind, she became voluble enough and told me in a breath all that I have been writing about her mother and her new engagement. (Cont. on page 77)

Coming Films

At the Paramount Lasky Studios

Florence Vidor in "The World at Her Feet"
 Raymond Griffith in "Time to Love"
 Warner Baxter in "Drums of the Desert"
 George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent in "Underworld"
 James Hall, Louise Brooks in "Rolled Stockings"
 Richard Dix, Mary Brian in "Who's Your Friend?"
 Esther Ralston in "Ten Modern Commandments"
 *Adolphe Menjou in "Service for Ladies"
 *Pola Negri in "The Woman on Trial"
 Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton in "Fireman, Save My Child"
 Clara Bow, Charles Rogers in "Wings"

At the First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid"
 Lewis Stone, Anna Q. Nilsson in "Lonesome Ladies"
 Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes in "The Stolen Bride"
 Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall in "The Road to Romance"
 Ken Maynard in "The Devil's Saddle"
 Johnny Hines in "White Pants Willie"
 Constance Talmadge in "Breakfast at Sunrise"
 Ben Lyon, Pauline Starke in "Dance Magic"
 *Milton Sills in "Framed"
 *Colleen Moore in "Naughty But Nice"

At the United Artists Studios

Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl"
 *Norma Talmadge in "The Dove"
 Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho"
 Buster Keaton in "College"
 Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in "The Magic Flame"
 William Boyd and Louis Wolheim in "Two Arabian Knights"
 Duncan Sisters in "Topsy and Eva"

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Lars Hanson, Marceline Day in "Captain Salvation"
 *Alice Terry in "The Garden of Allah"
 Tim McCoy in "California"
 Sally O'Neil and Laurence Gray in "The Callahans and the Murphys"
 *Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer in "Old Heidelberg"
 John Gilbert in "Twelve Miles Out"
 Greta Garbo and Ricardo Cortez in "Love"

At the Universal Studios

Claire Windsor, Norman Kerry in "The Claw"
 Mary Philbin in "Viennese Lovers"
 *Laura La Plante in "The Cat and the Canary"
 Hoot Gibson in "A Hero on Horseback"

At the Fox Studios

Madge Bellamy in "Colleen"
 Olive Borden in "The Secret Studio"
 *Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven"
 George O'Brien in "East Side, West Side"
 Tom Mix in "The Circus Ace"
 Buck Jones in "Good as Gold"

Producers Distributing Corporation

H. B. Warner in "His Dog"
 R. Schildkraut in "The Country Doctor"
 *May Robson in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"

At the Warner Bros. Studios

Louise Fazenda in "Simple Sis"
 Dolores Costello in "The Heart of Maryland"
 Irene Rich in "Dearie"

At the F. B. O. Studios

Ralph Ince in "Not for Publication"

*Pre-Showing in this issue



☞ Hale realizes that he loves Beryle and that Wellman is straight. (Ralph Ince, Rex Lease and Jola Mendez)

Directed by Ralph Ince

"BIG DICK" WELLMAN	Ralph Ince
BROWNELL	Roy Laidlaw
PHILIP HALE	Rex Lease
BERYLE	Jola Mendez
PIKE	Thomas Brower



☞ The bright spot in Wellman's busy life is his orphaned sister Beryle. (Ralph Ince and Jola Mendez)

Pre-Showing of

NOT for Publication



Directed by Mauritz Stiller

JULIE	Pola Negri
PIERRE BOUTON	Einar Hanson
GASTON NAPIER	Arnold Kent
RUTH	Vera Voronina

Julie realizes that she must tell the truth for her baby's sake. (Pola Negri and Baby Brock)



Believing him to be her friend, Julie walks into Gaston's trap. (Pola Negri and Arnold Kent)

Pre-Showing of

The Woman on Trial





☞ Martha (Phyllis Haver) gradually gets Aunt Mary (May Robson) out of the habit of using an ear trumpet and cane.



☞ It upsets Gus (Arthur Hoyt) to see Aunt Mary (May Robson) growing younger and giving cousin Jack so much money.



☞ Jack (Harrison Ford) shows Aunt Mary his "sanitarium".

Directed by Erle C. Kenton
AUNT MARY . . May Robson
JACK WATKINS Harrison Ford
GUS WATKINS . Arthur Hoyt
MARTHA . . . Phyllis Haver

Pre-Showing of
The Rejuvenation of
AUNT MARY



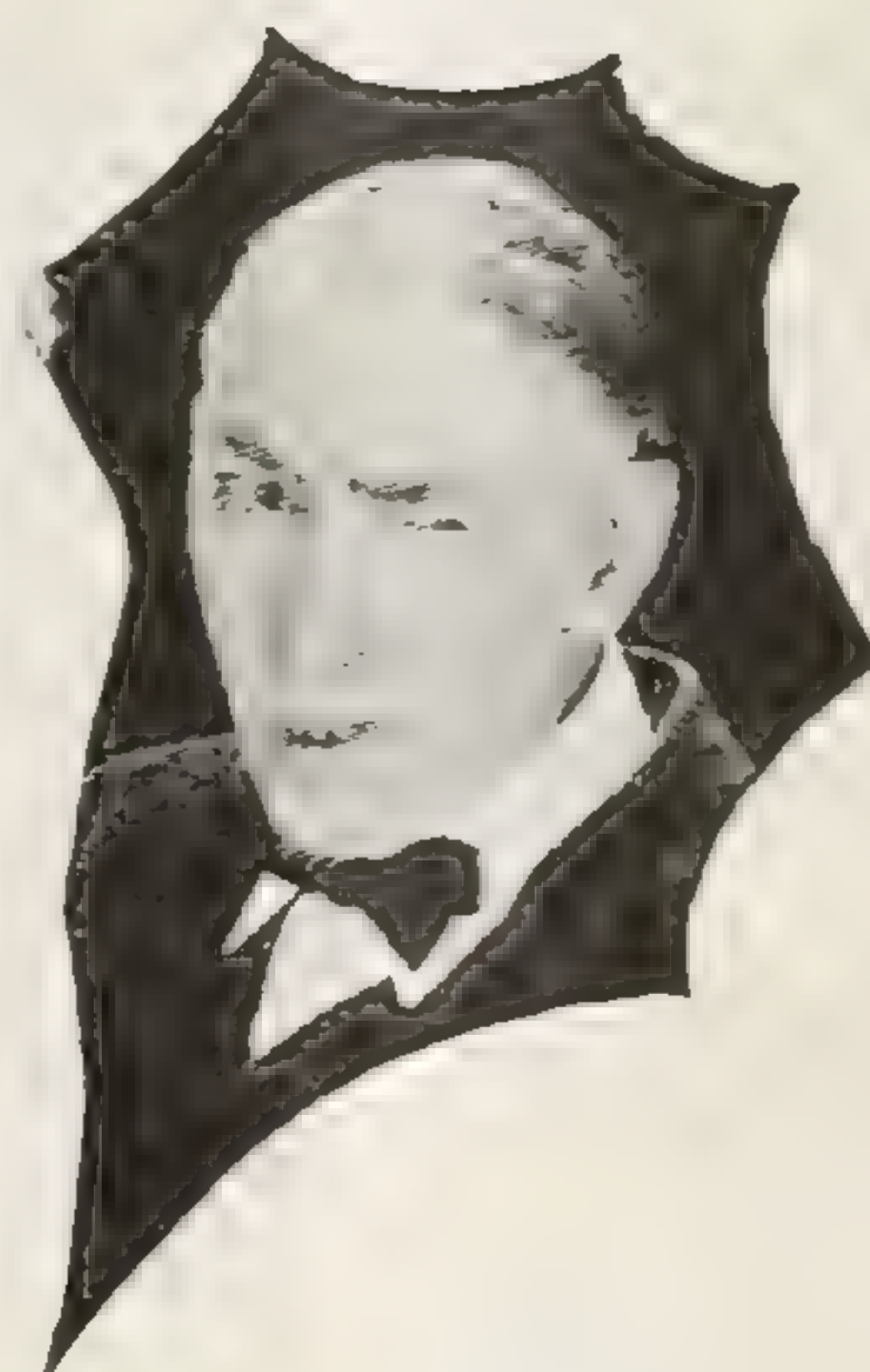
☞ Annabelle (Laura La Plante) is horrified to see a secret panel open above her bed.

Directed by Paul Leni

ANNABELLE WEST . . . Laura La Plante
PAUL JONES Creighton Hale
SUSAN Flora Finch
HENDRICKS George Siegmann



☞ Mammy, (Martha Mattox) a Voodoo worshipper, frightens the heiress (Laura La Plante) and her fiancé (Creighton Hale) by predicting a death before dawn.



☞ Crosby (Tully Marshall) doubts that there is an escaped maniac in the house.

Pre-Showing of
The CAT and the
CANARY



Directed by Rex Ingram

DOMINI Alice Terry
BORIS Ivan Petrovich
COUNT ANTEONI Marcel Vibert

Count Anteoni (Marcel Vibert) warns Domini (Alice Terry) against loving the mysterious Boris.



Ghosts of his neglected duty pursue the tormented Boris. (Ivan Petrovich, Alice Terry, Armand Dutertre and Mme. Paquerette)

Pre-Showing of



Domini (Alice Terry) gives Boris (Ivan Petrovich) strength to fight his terrible battle.



The GARDEN of Allah





☞ Love comes but once to the recluse and the Diamond King's daughter. (Milton Sills and Natalie Kingston.)



☞ Tricked and betrayed by a Spanish adventuress (Milton Sills and Natli Barr).

Directed by Charles Brabin

ETIENNE HILAIRE . . . Milton Sills
DIANE LAURENS . . . Natalie Kingston
LOLA . . . Natli Barr
LOLA'S HUSBAND . . . John Miljan

Pre-Showing of

FRAMED



☞ Dr. Juttner welcomes his royal pupil to Heidelberg. (Ramon Novarro and Jean Hersholt.)



☞ A moment of idyllic love. (Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer)

Directed by
Ernst Lubitsch

PRINCE (Karl Heinrich)
Ramon Novarro
KATHIE . Norma Shearer
DR. JUTTNER
Jean Hersholt
PRINCESS, Lillian Knight



☞ Romance gone, the Prince and the Princess face reality. (Ramon Novarro and Lillian Knight.)



Pre-Showing of

☞ In honor of
their young
sovereign.

Old Heidelberg

⌘ Circumstances at Miss Perkins' School force Berenice and Paul to pretend they are married. (Colleen Moore and Donald Reed)



⌘ An S. O. S. from one pal to another. (Colleen Moore)

Directed by Millard Webb

BERENICE SUMMERS . Colleen Moore
PAUL CARROLL . . Donald Reed
JUDGE JOHN R. ALTWOLD
Claude Gillingwater
ALICE ALTWOLD, Kathryn McGuire



Pre-Showing of

⌘ A tense moment (Colleen Moore, Hallam Cooley and Kathryn McGuire).

NAUGHTY *but* NICE



Where beauty and strength are found in the world beneath the pavements.

Directed by Frank Borsage

DIANE . Janet Gaynor
CHICO . Charles Farrell
BRUSSAC . Ben Bard
NANA . Gladys Brockwell



Chico (Charles Farrell) whose honesty, joyousness and industry make him one of nature's noblemen.



Chico (Charles Farrell) rescues Diane (Janet Gaynor) from her sister's cruelty.

Pre-Showing of
SEVENTH
Heaven



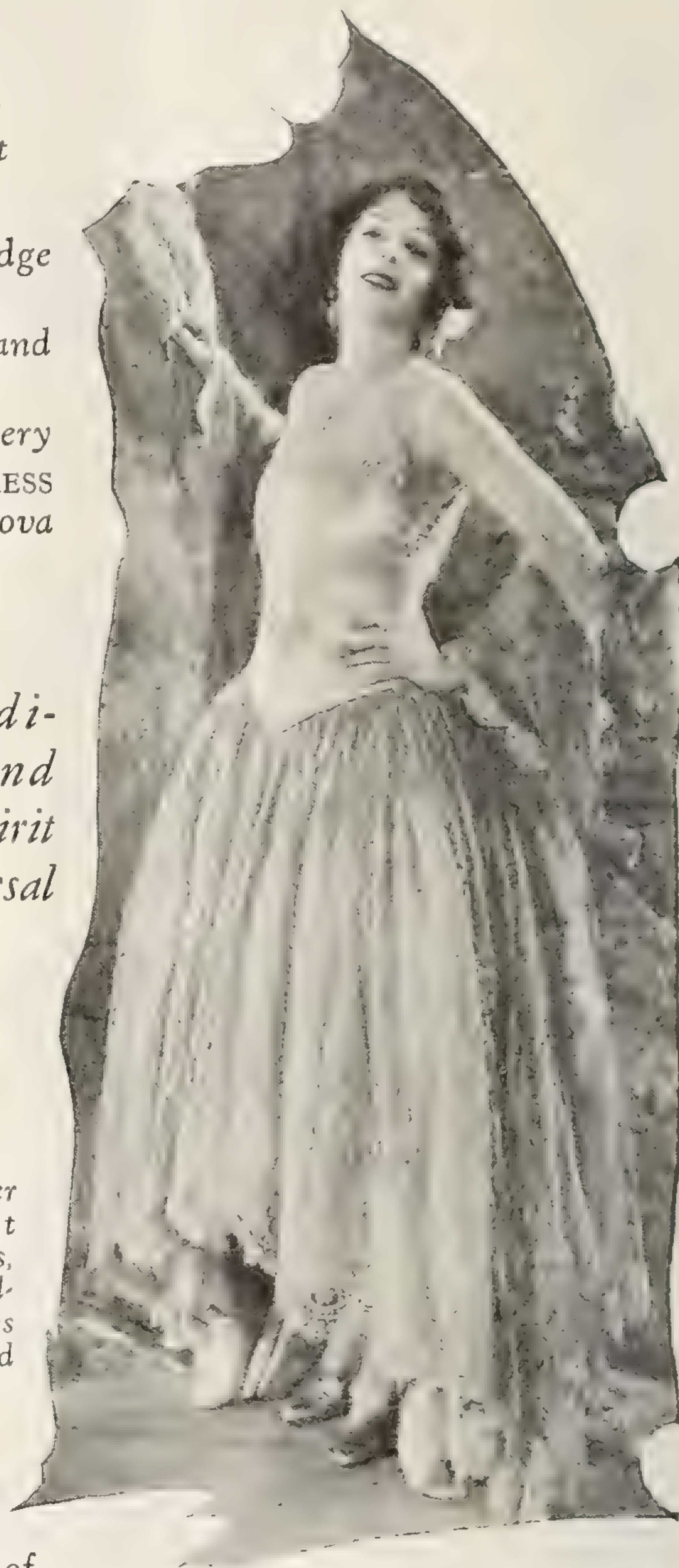
Dolores (Norma Talmadge) tells Don Jose (Noah Beery) that where the heart is not—the body is no good.

Directed by
Roland West

DOLORES
Norma Talmadge
JOHNNY
Gilbert Roland
DON JOSE
Noah Beery
AN ADVENTURESS
Olga Baklanova

Spanish diplomacy and American spirit versus universal villainy.

Realizing her lover's great danger, Dolores, (Norma Talmadge) pierces Don Jose's guard with ridicule.



Pre-Showing of
The
DOVE



☞ It's pretty tough to be a head waiter when you're in love with an heiress. (Adolphe Menjou)



☞ Where frosty air fans fires of love.

☞ Believing him to be a Duke in disguise Albert is included in many parties. (Adolphe Menjou, Kathryn Carver, Einar Serrano and Pearl Varvell)

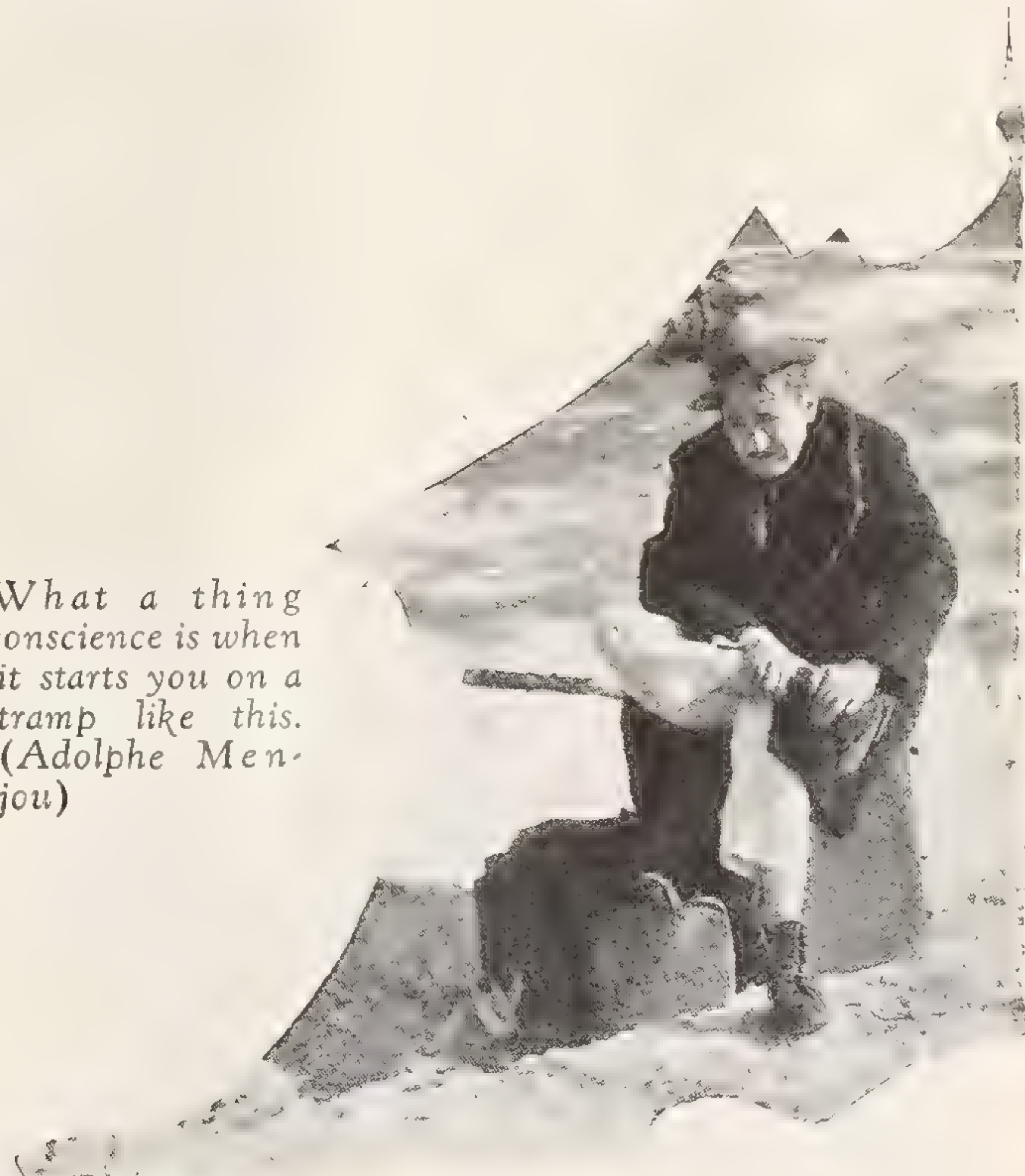


☞ A dream that ends in a nightmare. (Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver)

Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrasp

ALBERT Adolphe Menjou
ELIZABETH FOSTER . . Kathryn Carver
KING BORIS Lawrence Grant

☞ What a thing conscience is when it starts you on a tramp like this. (Adolphe Menjou)



Pre-Showing of

SERVICE *for* LADIES



HOW Gilda Gray *DRESSED WHEN SHE* Invaded Hollywood

GILDA GRAY used to dance in the Follies and perhaps she envied the fame and the raiment of the visitors. Few clothes were hers to be sure and fame seemed so far away. Then "Aloma" came along and in it as you well know Gilda Gray played the dancing native girl. The picture proved to be one of the hits of the year so "Cabaret" was fashioned to give her another opportunity and now a third picture is being made in Hollywood. So Gilda had to go to the cinema city, the royal court of the famous girls of the screen, and show herself their equal in good taste as well as in success. Here are the dresses that Gilda took with her to adorn the most beautiful body in pictures.

When Gilda Gray walks it is music en promenade and when she dances no director can tell her anything. Gilda's clothes are simple and in good style for 1927 but her wonderful figure is a bit of the perfection that Eve introduced to the everlasting despair of all the artists of the world.



Gilda Gray in her smart Parisian motor coat of genuine snake skin.



☞ Gilda Gray chooses a wrap of beige moire silk for cool summer nights from Lelong, Paris.



☞ This charming beige crepe de chine ensemble is finished with gold stitching in floral design.



☞ Gilda Gray selected this sport dress to match her new Packard car. The skirt is of dove gray Kasha—the sweater blouse of water green silk and wool.

☞ Especially posed by
Gilda Gray

By Martin Martin



And Hollywood remembered its dead on Easter morning. Many film stars came to leave flowers and to pause for a moment before one of these crypts. They came in sincere tribute and would not want their names mentioned. When they had gone their flowers remained, hundreds of blossoms.

—O—

☞ Saucy Clara Bow remarks to the monkey — "Gee you remind me of somebody!"

Strangely enough the death of Valentino brought to Hollywood his family which, except for a brief visit of his brother, remained in Italy while he was alive.

I was talking to Alberto Guglielmi, the other day. He tells me that he still plans to erect a vault for Valentino, but must await money from the estate. Debts were so many that Valentino's beneficiaries will only receive their share of the estate after the returns from his pictures start to come in. Alberto Guglielmi expects to be in Hollywood for a long time. His wife has come from Italy to join him.

Valentino's sister also was here recently . . . may still be . . . I have never met her.

Meanwhile, George Ullman, the late star's manager, is gathering the Valentino Memorial Fund for the establishment of a permanent memorial of some sort.

—O—

Harry Langdon can tell you how fast good news travels. A month ago he received a letter from two little boys in New York's East Side, asking for

ON Easter morning I stood beneath a copper plaque bearing the inscription, Rodolfo Guglielmi Valentino, 1895-1926. About me were laid shelf upon shelf, the dead. Easter lillies bloomed and within the marble walls of the crypt there was a sweetness of blossoms.

Closing my eyes, it seemed only yesterday that they brought his body down the narrow aisle, through the crush of mourners and the curious.

And but another yesterday removed, I saw him in neat tweeds, hatless upon the green lawn of the studio, holding in his gloved hand the leash of a straining dog.

Rudolph Valentino—his name still quickens. Almost 300 people a day, day in and day out, ask for the location of the marble lined cell in which the body of the actor rests. Last winter, when the state was full of visitors, 1400 persons made the request in one day.

The caretaker told me that 40 visitors from Australia, whose around-the-world ship was in Los Angeles Harbor, came seeking Valentino's tomb only a few days ago.

Some are timid about asking. One woman sought the location of crypt No. 1200. Valentino rests in 1199. She would not confess the name of the person whose crypt she wished to see.

This modern apartment house for the dead holds all that is mortal of Barbara La Marr; Virginia Richdale Kerrigan, daughter of Wallace Kerrigan; the father and mother of June Mathis; Fred J. Talmadge, father of Norma and Constance and Natalie; and William C. Deane—Tanner (the murdered William Taylor).

Chatter
from
Hollywood



☞ Syd Chaplin in "The Missing Link" and his freside companion.



☞ Esther Ralston's rubber bathing suit has its good points.



☞ Samuel Goldwyn, Vilma Banky, Rod La Rocque and Mrs. Goldwyn (Frances Howard), and the diamond engagement ring.

passes to his picture when it showed in that city.

By the time that the letter was received and came to Langdon's attention it was too late to send the passes, or to even arrange for them to be sent from New York, so Harry sent his personal check for one dollar to each of the boys.

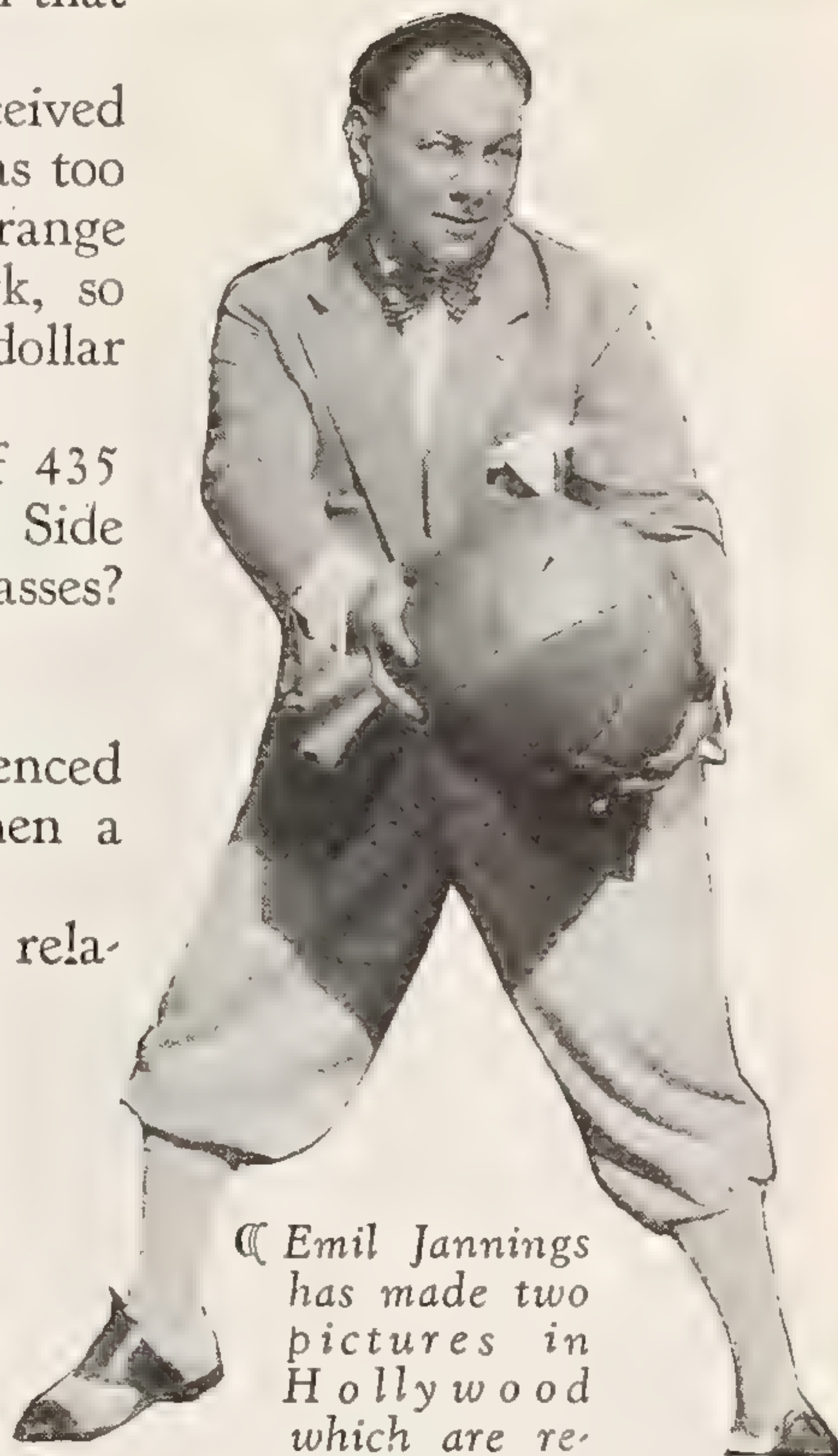
Yesterday he showed me a stack of 435 letters received from boys in the East Side since that time. Did they want passes? Guess . . .

—o—

One evening this month I experienced the conventional qualm of alarm when a telegraph boy called at my home.

Thoughts of disaster to friends or relatives were quickly dispelled for it was from Irene Rich, telling me that she was married. Friendly Irene. I'm glad she's happy. The man is David Blankenhorn, of Pasadena, who owns and knows real estate, and who has been trying to persuade Irene to marry him for a year or more.

During our many talks on the sub-



☞ Emil Jannings has made two pictures in Hollywood which are reported to be his best work.

ject of marriage for film actresses, Irene's chief objection has been that she was afraid to jeopardize her independence . . . to risk the career which she has fought so hard to obtain. But that didn't bother her when the time came.

I talked to her on the set at Warners the other day and the career is going right along. She and Mr. Blankenhorn had planned to wait until they could take a trip to Europe for their honeymoon. But there came a time (it was full moon) when she had a week off and before they really had time to think up any good objections they were married. They went to Del Monte for a while and now are back furnishing a house here. Irene intends to make two more pictures and then take a vacation. She is delightfully enthused over marriage. Her two daughters love her new husband . . . "I never would have married a man they didn't love," she said firmly.

As for me I certainly wish her "bon voyage." She is one of my favorites, on or off-screen.

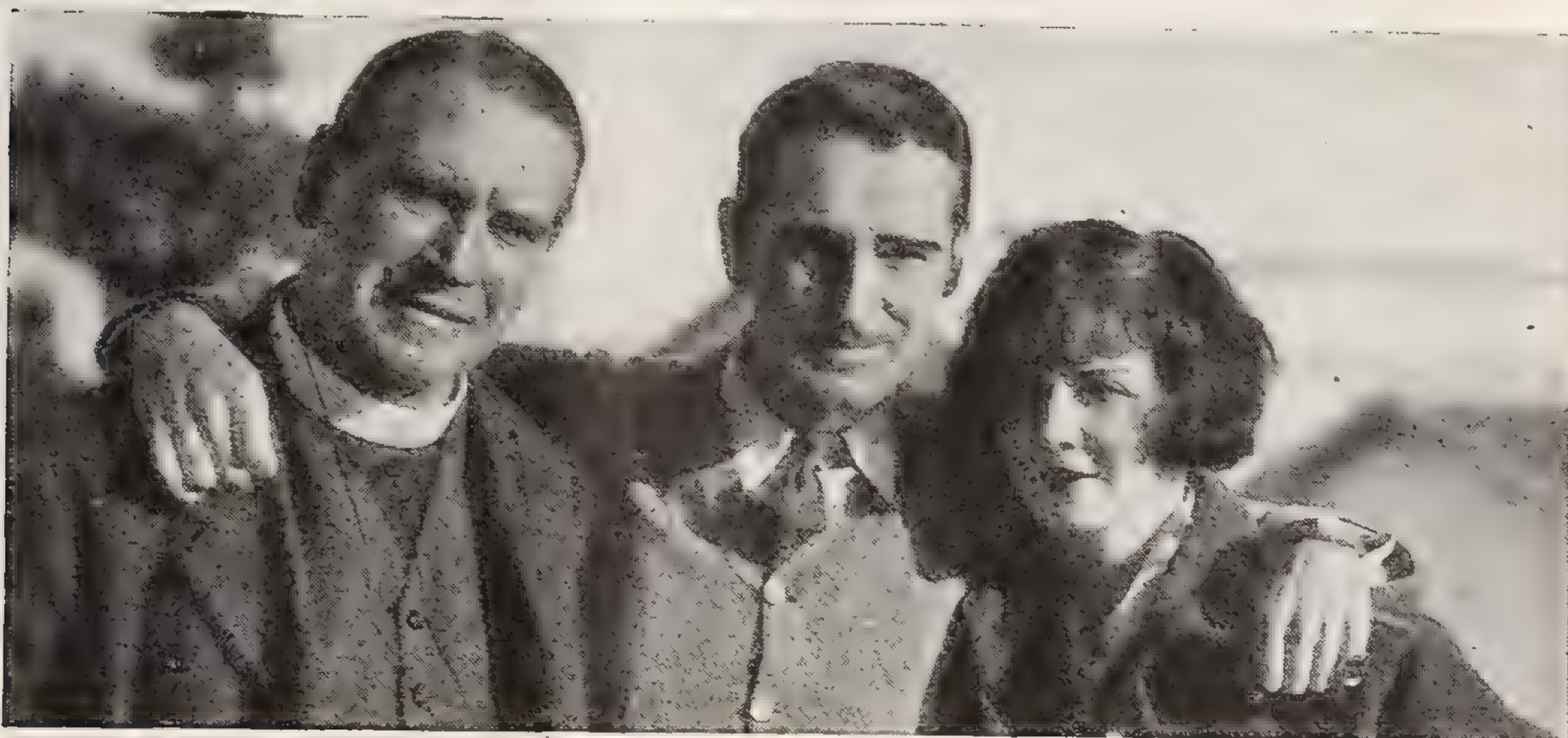
—o—

Joe Jackson, scenario writer, and Ethel Shannon, the red-head, also are learning now the fallacy of the old saying that two can live as cheap as one.

Joe and Ethel were married this month before a large number of film people and are house-keeping in a bungalow up in the hills. Ethel will give up the screen, she says, for good and all.

—o—

Tom Mix, reading that Chaplin's strong boxes may be opened, drove



☞ Dr. Hitchcock an Episcopalian Clergyman from Dublin, Ireland, visits his son Rex Ingram and Mrs. Ingram (Alice Terry) in France.



James Hall has been playing with the children in "Rolled Stockings". Louise Brooks's picture of course.

out to Carey's ranch and sought to rent some gopher holes. "It's the only safe place for a married man to keep his money these days, bury it," he said.

But to expose the joke-loving Tom, he presented Mrs. Mix, on her birthday, with a check for \$25,000, and another for \$100,000 to be spent on her proposed trip to Europe. If her health permits it, Mrs. Mix will tour Europe with her mother this summer. She is recuperating at present from a serious operation, but hopes to be able to get away from Hollywood within a month.

While she is gone Tom will be making more pictures and writing her letters.

—O—

Romance certainly does bloom in the spring . . . tra . . . la. The experienced Pola is now being borne over (I hope) smooth seas to her wedding with Prince Serge Mdivani, brother of David, of the same last name, who is Mae Murray's husband.

It was a bracer to me to learn that Pola kept it so secret that nobody in Hollywood knew anything about it until she was on the high seat with her fiance.

I am told—I have never seen him—that Prince Mdivani is one fine fellow,



Josephine Borio has her first part in "The Woman on Trial" with Pola Negri.

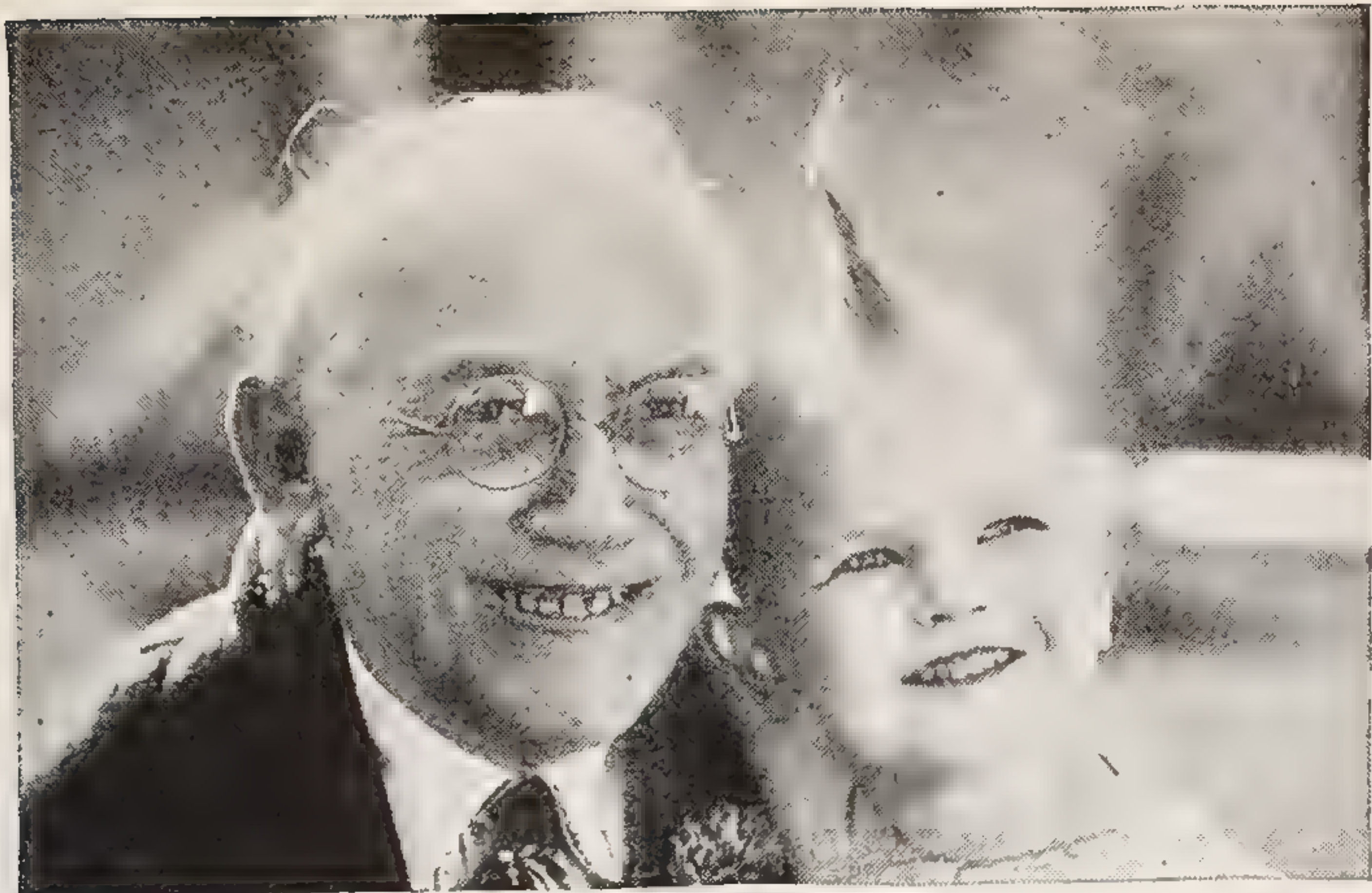


Billie Dove, from the tips of her shiny riding boots to the top-most glory of her blonde hair, is beautiful.

who will make Pola a good husband, if she marries him. We in Hollywood are so toughened to seeing them come and go with Pola that we can't believe she really intends to get married. But we hope she does. Pola is a lively adornment to the film colony and we have long wished to watch what she would do to matrimony. It is our bet that she finishes it off with the same Polish polish that she gave to her harmless and entertaining philanderings.

—O—

Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky too. But at least we had a little preparation for their engagement. They were seen together several



☞ Carl Laemmle and "Snookums" the Newlywed's baby.



☞ Avonne Taylor one of the pretty buds of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

times and denied their engagement twice. That took the sting off the announcement.

Naturally the first thought of Samuel Goldwyn, who has Vilma Banky under contract, was to film a picture between the two. Sam has seen what the authentic flame did for "Flesh and the Devil" and he is for it. Loud cheers have also risen, I understand, from the exhibitors.

Seriously, Rod and Vilma make an ideal couple and the film colony is very much pleased that they have decided to marry. I must say I thought it was a publicity stunt at first, but have since been convinced that this is the real thing. Everybody likes Rod, everybody admires Vilma. I hope they have a church wedding. It will be a treat to see the turnout.

Any small boy who agrees to match ideas with Doug Fairbanks is just a sap. Doug is overflowing with them. His most recent is to paint the view of a golf course on the wall outside Joe Schenck's office at the remodeled United Artist's Studio.

When the distinguished husband of Norma Talmadge returns from New York, temptation will ever be before him.

—O—

Syd Chaplin is tired of making feature comedies in six or seven weeks. His contract with Warner Brothers is at an end and he is going to sign elsewhere after a vacation.

I was out on the set the last day of his final picture for Warners and he and Chuck Reisner, his director, were worn out. They had been working day and night to finish the film and the air was thick with fatigue.

Syd wants to go away for a while before he decides what he does next. He admitted to me, however, that he has had some negotiations with United Artists of which Charlie is a member. Nothing definite has come of them, he declared.

Chuck Reisner also is talking of leaving Warners in a few months. He has directed nearly all of Syd's pictures and before that was assistant to Charlie.

—O—

Mary Hay is in Hollywood visiting her daughter, little Mary Hay Barthelmess. Dick is up north working on a picture.

Miss Hay was married on April 9 to Vivian C. Bath, a rubber broker from Singapore. She and Dick were divorced in Paris.

(Cont. on page 76)



☞ Jason Robards celebrating Fourth of July with a dummy firecracker.



☞ Raymond Griffith and Vera Voronina in "Time to Love".



Colleen Moore in "Naughty But Nice" at a meeting of the Walking Home Club.



By Marion of
Hollywood

YOUNG Samuel Goldwyn, Jr.—he's about six months old now—gave a Sunday afternoon tea for his mother not so long ago and started using all his wiles upon his poor defenseless guests. No, it's no use letting them get a start on you! You are invited to their Mommy's tea. You say 'how-do', you talk awhile, and then in say about a half an hour's time, if you're polite and know your P's and Q's, you leave. However, when you're partial to the practiced charms of smiling Sammy Junior, suddenly you gaze upon your watch and realize you've over-staid the proper leaving time by just about an hour and a half!

At last it looks as if the temperamental Pola is going to let us stop our useless guessing about her love affairs. Hollywood sages question not the oracle this time; the thing is set, that's all. The dress is ordered from the gay Parisian shop, and young Mdivani soon will be the well-known Pola Negri's spouse. At least I don't have to learn that name again, which is a consolation for us all. His brother eased our troubles on that score when he became the husband of Mae Murray. I hope with all my hopes that they'll find happiness.

* * *

Which reminds me of Bobby Agnew and Ann Rork—I can't quite get it straight about the new reports that they are engaged. Nobody seems to know as yet. We met Bobby at a preview of "Modern Madness"—he's in the cast and so is Ann—but Bobby wasn't Ann's escort that night. I hate these "don't you wish you knew" affairs. I'd like to get 'em all engaged and married off for keeps.

Colleen Sebastian dancing, and Joan Crawford who is admiring the black bottom of the phonograph.

* * *

This Richard Dix, with all his New York-itis, admits he





“Alle—oop”—Mary Brian and Gary Cooper.

Sunset Boulevard at Mr. Fox's studio. It seems a disagreement is on as to whether George O'Brien, Charles Farrell, Richard Walling, Barry Norton and Clifford Holland will still be enjoying single blessedness by the time the pendulum comes around to 1928. I don't know where Tom Mix gets his inside information, but he has bet a goodly sum with Winfield Sheehan that at least two of them will be lost to the fold 'ere tulip time comes piping in again. Mebbe so, as Uncle Al would say, but why not give us just the slightest hint about the fairer side of the bargain?

* * *

It really isn't fair the way they're doing things out here this month! Secrets, always secrets, and then coming forth entirely married before we know the least little thing about it. Cross your heart to die, did you ever suspect that lovely Irene Rich would bring forth a handsome Lochinvar without one moment's warning? Never! Never, say I! But good luck and happiness to you, Irene, for there is certainly no other one deserves it more.

* * *

Lubitsch beams as he makes “Old Heidelberg”. I think I could say that his heart is aching with joy and with memories while he goes through the work of his day. He was feeling particularly happy one morning when I went visiting the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer place. He simply radiated so much smile and good-nature that I had to ask the reason. Here's what he told me. He and Doctor Locke were having a heated discussion as to where an old bench should be placed.

“It goes so,” argued Ernst, “It goes so, *this* side of the fountain!”

“No, no, no, *no!*” replied Locke. “You've sat there many times, Ernst, and I'm surprised where you'd put it. I must say you are *wrong*.”

Just then came a voice from above.

“Pardon me, Mr. Lubitsch, but will you permit me to say that neither one of you is quite right? Don't you remember it's not on either side of the fountain, but belongs on the other side of the walk?”

Can you beat that and who do you suppose it was? Yessir, an electrician, sitting way up in the clouds, tending “juice.” There he was and there he had been all through weeks of the production—about the only other graduate of Heidelberg in Hollywood. His name is John Kemple and he's been a great help to Ernst Lubitsch and Dr. Locke in the technical work



Wallace McDonald, Marietta Milner and Warner Baxter, the clever trio of “Drums of the Desert”.

does like us out here in Hollywood a little bit. Yessir, I cornered him, and very much between us two, and quiet-like, he says he does enjoy the place in spite of how he hated to come out. He is not engaged, and there's no girl in any way connected with the case! Of course, we all slip on an extra dab of drug-store stuff with such another handsome bachelor in our midst, but we're just kidding Richard, and Richard's only kidding us. Hold on, Richard—hold on tight. You know I've told you how you're going to fall some day and how it's going to be a humpty-dumpty never-put-Richard-together-again affair. And I believe you're really waiting, rather anxious for the fatal, fatal fall!

* * *

Which reminds me of the five bachelor boys down

for the picture. No wonder Ernst was smiling so that one day in particular.

* * *

I don't like beaded dresses either, and I don't blame Florence Vidor one single, solitary bit for going into



☞ *Adrienne Truex*
the beautiful new
star now with
Robert Kane.

battle with the Paramount designers! As Florence says, she "abhors the things," and forever and ever they are putting beads here, and there, and absolutely everywhere on her. However, you'll see her wearing her final beads in "*The World at Her Feet*," for she's had it out with the powers that be and never again will she have to wear them. Of course it's hard on the poor designers, because beads photograph beautifully. Beads make a great showing in front of the camera, and for that reason are used again and again. But for Florence—bah—nevaire!

* * *

I knew young Peter Pan didn't ever want to grow, and I understand he had an awful lot of trouble with his funny shadow, but I hadn't ever heard it said that he was wanting to get fat. Betty Peter Pan Bronson wants to gain some weight, and for the first time in many, many moons we leave the two lamb chops and slice of pineapple far behind. Betty's going at it right, too, and I imagine it's her Mom behind the guns, 'cause Betty minds her Mom. She's going to stay in bed for a solid week, eat nothing, but drink milk, milk, milk, and then some more. By the end of the seventh day, she'll doubtless shoot the first cow on sight.

* * *

As I sit here in Hollywood writing, I wonder how many of you folks were listening in with me when John—the John—did Shakespeare via radio? I was positively thrilled! I hadn't read the papers and didn't know the Barrymore program was arranged from coast to coast. I just happened to turn the dial on to KFI, and there a voice was speaking, rather slowly and with a very definite pause between

☞ *Lena Malena* a
new player—and
a pretty one,
with *De Mille*.



the phrases. Then came a soliloquy from Hamlet. I didn't know it was John until after the town-crier took the microphone, but the Master always has his audience sort of spellbound. Gee, it was simply great!

* * *

I guess there's a very good reason why Bob McGowan has been so successful with that parcel of kids of his over Hal Roach way. Bob, you remember, directs our gang, and has his hands chuck full to overflowing. Can't you see him, tired out, finished with kids for four whole months, and starting on his vacation with a vow not to even look at a kid in all that time? Now look at him, though—sneaking home with a kid under his arms from



☞ *Maria Gambarelli* ("*Gamby*")
premiere danseuse at the Roxy,
dances for the Vitaphone.

Cuba! Aw, Bob, quit 'kidding' us—you can no more keep away from the kids than the kids can be scary of you. Don't you know the gang is wise to you?

* * *

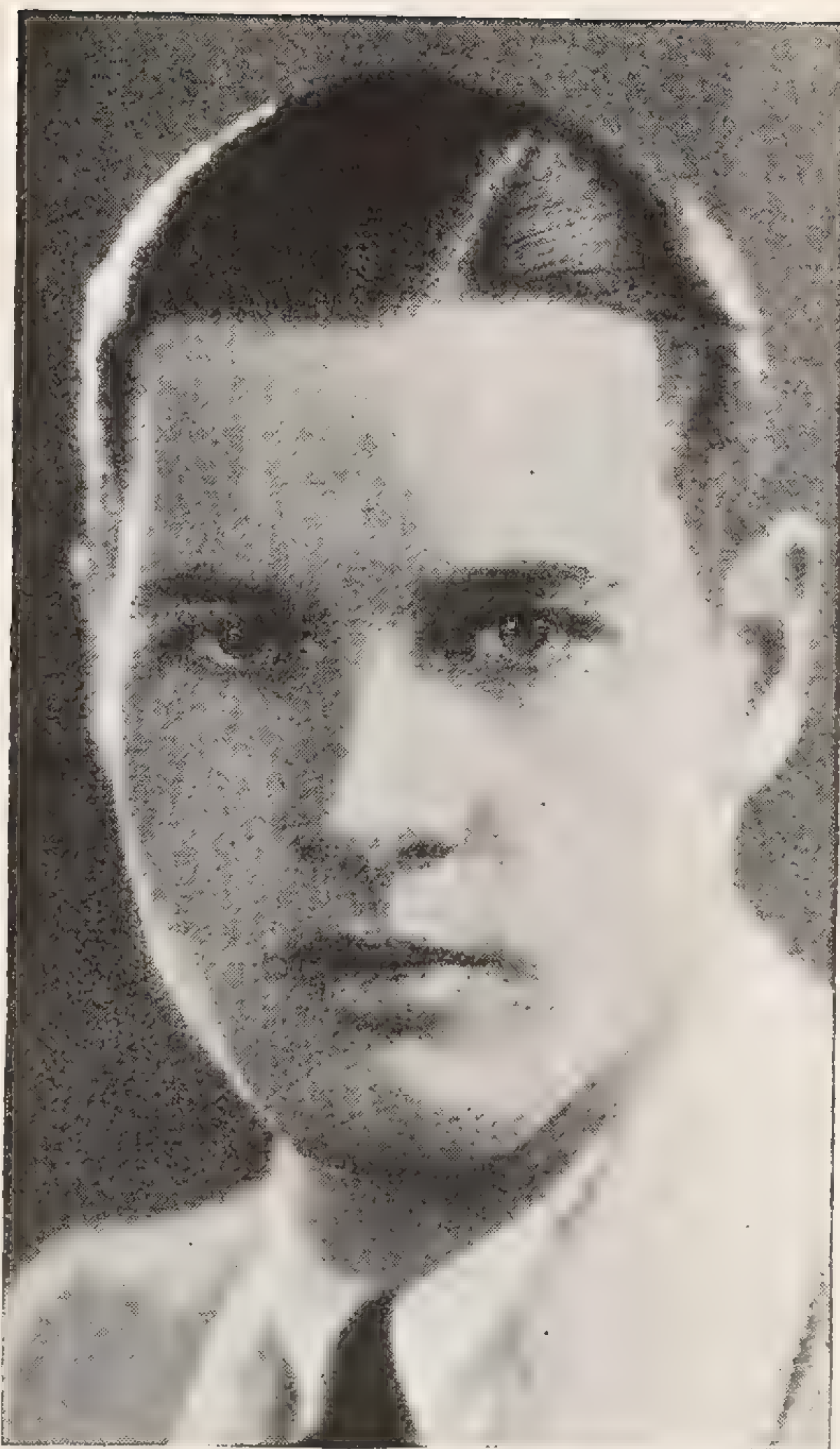
Maybe when Will Rogers goes to Congress for First National he'll tell 'em something about the distinguished guest he entertained at his high-class jail this month! There's no use talking, Will ought to have that place fixed up more comfortably so that folks a-visiting there won't pack up bag and baggage in so short a time. According to little Johnny Gilbert, the bed's too hard, and nobody stays round to do the entertaining. And Johnny never did like eating out!



Photograph by
Preston Duncan.

Any of you who are discouraged; any of you who have struggled and struggled and have seemingly lost the game that you're aiming to win—don't be sad. Simply look up statistics on one Gilbert Roland, smile a broad smile, straighten your shoulders and start going all over

Myrna Loy has starring possibilities equalling any girl in pictures.



Richard Arlen, a talented young man of the Paramount lot.

again. Gilbert started—oh, long ago. Over two years have passed since even that "big chance" they talk about arrived and supposedly slipped right out of his grasp. Folks shook their heads—too bad—the boy was just n. g. And you know, they almost had Gil thinking that same thing! Then, out of the sad, sad wreck Old Opportunity grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down the street United Artists way. Quick as a flash he found he was signed as leading man for one of the best known players of the screen. And now they say he'll be the year's sensational find as Norma Talmadge's lover in "Camille." No-sirree, the lane that has no turning somewhere down the line is just a myth!



Mary Pickford and Virginia Gray who plays the part that Mary used to play in "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

Chatter from Hollywood—Continued from page 71

The little daughter of the film couple will stay with her father until Miss Hay tries out the climate of Singapore at least. She and her husband expect to sail for there shortly, but will return within a few months.

The most famous prisoner ever to occupy the Beverly Hills jail was Jack Gilbert.

Jack spent twenty-three hours there this month owing to his exuberance, and everybody got a good laugh. Crowds mobbed the police station to see him, while inside the offices, film officials were in deep conference with the powers of this little city.

There was no hard feeling on either side. Jack made friends with the police, talked amiably to his visitors and departed after his twenty-three hours with a smile on his face.

"I'm reformed," he asserted cheerfully.

The never-ending stream of young people to Hollywood seeking extra employment has become a problem which is receiving full attention from the office of Will Hays.

This month I met a magazine writer who is in the film colony, under Hays' sanction, gathering material for fiction stories depicting the bitter part of an extra girl's experiences. By this, I mean, of course, the crowded condition of the industry, the difficulty in finding jobs and the small chance of success beyond the role of an extra.

There are now in Hollywood at least five times too many people to work steadily.

And Marion Nixon, after all this time, has just had her hair bobbed. I must say it is very becoming, though she looked a little teary as she sat in the barber's chair for pictures to be taken.

"It's almost as serious a step as marriage," she said. "Thank goodness it's over."

Colleen Moore's new director is only twenty-seven years old. He is Mervyn Leroy, for some years the "gag man" for Colleen's pictures.

Leroy is one of the most popular men at the First National Studios and Colleen herself told me: "I will work harder for Mervyn than I ever worked for anybody. We're going to make his first picture good."

First National is gambling \$250,000 on its being good. None of Colleen's pictures cost less than that.

Because Henry King wanted "love birds", three trees on Western Avenue, Los Angeles, were almost denuded of foliage, two policemen of the same city suffered rents in their trousers, and Samuel Goldwyn's "The Magic Flame" company lost three hours of shooting time, valued at \$1000 per hour.

"Have two love birds on the stage by one p. m. today", Henry King requested of Jack Slotkin, who runs a bird and pet store

in the film center.

"Birds escaped enroute to studio and have taken refuge in trees at Western Avenue and Washington", Slotkin reported by telephone an hour later.

"Climb the trees and get those birds. The Company will wait your arrival", ordered King.

Whereupon Slotkin and two cops climbed three trees while Western Avenue passers-by gathered to laugh and make helpful remarks along with their wise-cracks. Finally at 3 o'clock the birds were captured and brought to the studio.

"Where do they get that 'love bird' stuff?" snorted Slotkin as he handed the birds to King.

Mary Astor has undergone a strange metamorphosis. The demure Mary has turned vampire!

In "Two Arabian Knights", a lavish post-war comedy directed by Lewis Milestone, Mary emerges from her shell of unsophistication for the first time, and portrays the role of an Oriental charmer. It marks her definite ascent into the ranks of the sex sorority, and her initial departure from the unsophisticated roles which made her famous in the movie world.

William Boyd is featured in the production. In a strong supporting role is Louis Wolheim, nationally famed as the Captain Flagg of the original stage play, "What Price Glory". In "Two Arabian Knights" Wolheim and Boyd are seen as two army buddies who experience a series of amusing entanglements in the Orient after escaping from a German war prison.

For the first time in her screen career, or for that matter, in her life, Billie Dove has succumbed to nicotine.

Billie has never taken up the habit in real life, and her various film roles have never called for her to smoke before.

After some discussion, however, it was decided that her characterization of an Hungarian countess in "The Stolen Bride" would be more enhanced if she were to cap her dinner with a cigarette.

Jeannette Parmenter

FLORIDA, NEW YORK

has been awarded

GLORIA SWANSON'S ATOMIZER AND PERFUME

The offer which appeared in the April issue of SCREENLAND was made by Gloria Swanson to her fans, for the best letter.

Miss Parmenter's letter was selected because of its sincerity and for its delightful spirit. It expressed as well, true insight and a sense of values. There is no writer however successful but might well envy the simple charming fashion in which Jeannette sets her beloved Gloria above "the rest of us".

Below is an excerpt from her prize winning letter:

"Some people have wondered just what it was about you that made people your loyal fans forever, and many have defined it in various ways, such as your compelling personality, your infinite variety, and so forth, but I believe it to be something even more than that. I believe that it is because you are so human, and never attempt to rise above the level of the rest of us, why even when you became a marquise, to prove that you had not acquired a swelled head, along with your title, you gave us that delightful semi-slapstick movie—"Stage Struck".

"As you are about to launch out upon the sea of independent producing you will find that the prayers of all your loyal fans go with you, for your complete and successful journey".

The perfume and atomizer have been sent to Miss Parmenter.

The Stage Coach—Continued from page 51

high life, even though there's no fun in it.

"The Circus Princess"

It may be successfully argued that "The Circus Princess" is an old-fashioned musical show. To which your correspondent can only say that it is the sort of show he likes. Give us a new-fashioned girl and an old-fashioned musical show, say we, and you can have "The Desert Song" and "The Student Prince" and "Rosemarie". It may be argued in behalf of the last three named that they too are old-fashioned shows: to

which your correspondent can only say that they are the kind of shows he doesn't like.

"The Circus Princess" is full of color, local and imported. And the Messrs. Shubert have given it the flavor of Barnum and Bailey. The circus is there before you, full of clowns, acrobats, confetti and glowing colors; the eye has a feast that is rare, not only because of the costumes but also of the splendid lighting the Shuberts know how to give a spectacle.

And as for the ear, let it be said that Emmerich Kalman again comes through with insidious tunes that sneak their way right into your heart. There is a gorgeous ring-

ing thing called "The Hussars' Song" that is sung with a grand male chorus. There are sentimental tid-bits that make you want to go right up and propose to the nearest good-looking chorus girl. When Kalman tries jazz, he is not quite so happy; he is no Gershwin. But you can't have everything.

Still, "The Circus Princess" comes pretty close to everything at that. It has Poodles Hanneford, certainly one of our grandest clowns; it has Guy Robertson to sing, James C. Morton, Desiree Tabor, George Hassell, Ted Doner, Gloria Foy and George Bickel. See it, is our advice.

Molly O'Day—Continued from page 57

"I never had any screen or stage experience," she said, "but one day my brother suggested that I accompany him to the Hal Roach studio. Right away they gave me a job! I worked in twenty comedies—one and two reelers—with Clyde Cook, Charlie Chase, Jimmie Finlayson, Glenn Tryon and others. I never had a test made and it seemed to be all right. But I am so happy now that I can't hold myself in. At the time of the Roach contract, I supposed it was just that they wanted someone of my type, who had a saucy face and an Irish look. Maybe there was some other reason—at least they never complained about my acting. This time there were a lot of tests made and they all seemed to agree that I was the type for Mr. Barthelmess' picture. You see, I'm an Irish girl in the picture

and he is a prize fighter and he sort of takes me by storm. It's perfectly wonderful."

Molly's father was a Judge of the Supreme Court in Bayonne, N. J., where she was born—and Molly went to school at the Notre Dame Convent on Staten Island. Three years ago the family came West and settled in Los Angeles. Her sister got into pictures and Molly followed. Her brothers are all athletes. One, Jerry, was full-back on the Notre Dame team four years ago and another, George, was invited to play with the American Ice Hockey team at the latest Olympic Games. So Molly herself came naturally by her love of outdoor sports and excels as a swimmer, at running, hiking, and the like. Also she is an accomplished dancer and is up-to-the-minute on all

the new dances such as the Charleston, Black Bottom and similar terpsichorean revels.

"My great ambition," declared Molly, with one of her flashing smiles that sent dimples chasing one another up and down her peach-blossom cheeks, "is to go to Ireland."

Anyhow—Kitty is just another evidence that the Irish have a lot to be grateful for and that the world owes a lot to the Irish. They've brought sunshine into the world since first they became a distinct race of people and if they've been a bit given to scrapping—at least they have no malice in their hearts.

And their women—well, see Molly O'Day some time and you'll know what I mean!

Gilbert Roland—the Screen's Latest Great Lover—Continued from page 52

was Roland's environment from boyhood to young manhood . . . with Spain, warm, sunny and dramatic the background.

At nineteen, his parents permitted him to travel. Roland journeyed to the United States. That was three years ago. While in California his imagination was fired by the romance of the motion picture world. He had unusual luck in being cast for a small part in "The Blonde Saint." Immediately he proved to his director that he had that enigmatic priceless quality called "screen personality". After that he had roles in "The Campus Flirt" and "The Plastic Age". By this time Roland decided to make America his home and the screen his profession. Having a camera follow him around a lot seemed so much more civilized and interesting than following a bull around an arena.

While the leaders of the Joseph M. Schenck organization were casting "Camille", they were searching desperately for the perfect Armand Duval. One evening the producer and his wife, Norma Talmadge, went to a moving-picture theatre and happened to see Roland in "The Blonde Saint". Immediately they decided he was the young man for whom they had been looking. The next day they placed Roland under a long-term contract. Roland then set to work studying his role of Armand Duval.

He knew that great things would be expected of him. For Armand Duval is a



Billie Dove, as she appears in "The Tender Hour" with Ben Lyon.

great role with a great tradition. And there have been so many famous Armand Duvals in theatrical history. Roland realized he would be compared with them, from the way he first looked into Camille's eyes at the opera to the way he fell at his father's feet after the lovers had been separated. How would he appear to those veterans of the theatre who had seen or read of Fechter's performance of that role. Charles Thorne's, Kyrle Bellew's, Maurice Barrymore's? But Roland did not approach the part with any feeling of inferiority. He knew he had the important characteristics for the role as Alexandre Dumas had conceived it in his immortal classic, "La Dame Aux Camellias"—youth, lack of sophistication and experience, and a certain quality of ingenuous romance.

When Gilbert Roland first sees Camille he is so bowled over by her beauty and charm that he drops his hat, loses his cane, and becomes for the moment—because of his manner of doing these things—every young man in love for the first time. Later, when he denounces Camille, he has grown up. Sorrow with a touch of bitterness has entered his soul, and with it has come the authority of experience. It is not an easy role, but one full of pitfalls for any actor.

Gilbert Roland has brought many fine moments to the production . . .

He is of average height, has coal black hair, soft brown eyes. He is an expert boxer, horse-back rider and fencer.

Some Big Boys Come from Very Small Towns—Continued from page 22

find out that before they learned how to make people laugh their own eyes have felt many tears. And that's true for Harry.

Folks back along the east banks of the Missouri River thought he was little better than a ragamuffin when he used to huddle around in dark corners of the old Doheney Theatre watching the show from back stage. And when he got a job as assistant to the theatre janitor his status wasn't regarded as exactly exalted. He was considered just another budding bum. Even when he got all cleaned up and procured the job as ticket taker at the theatre, the folks were still suspicious. Fifteen years ago most people considered that there was no particular odor of sanctity hanging around the theatre.

But Harry didn't mind what people thought of him. He was in the happiest heaven. Didn't the atmosphere reek of grease paint? Couldn't he stand and watch the actors whenever he wanted to? And sometimes didn't one of the thespians stop and ask him for a match or pass the time of day?

I say Harry didn't mind. But of course there were times when he did, being young and sensitive he couldn't help it. Late at night—when all the excitement was over and the lights in the theatre were out, Harry on his dark, lonely walk home used to swear to himself that he would make good; that some day people in Council Bluffs would look up to him and respect him.

So he just stuck around and stuck around and finally his chance came—as it usually does if you can hang on long enough. The manager started "amateur nights". This was meat for Harry. His clumsiness was the high spot of the performances. And this awkwardness hadn't been rehearsed. Soon he got a job with a medicine show. From there to vaudeville and from vaudeville to musical comedy were just easy steps for him—after his early gruelling. Last of all he got a chance at the movies and made an instantaneous success.

You've all seen him in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "The Strong Man" so you know that peculiar brand of wistful humor which is all his own. Now all over the

world he is commencing to be recognized as a "great artist" even by the critics who refuse to believe that art can come from the screen.

And Council Bluffs knows his every picture and passes judgment upon them. Harry comes home in his pictures at least and packs the house and the boys want to be told again how Harry found the beginning of the pathway to fame right there in their own home town.

Back home there is always some one who inspires us—even if we don't realize it. There's a woman back in my home town in Virginia whom I've never forgotten—and I never will. I long for the time to come when with something worthwhile accomplished I can go back home and "run over" to see "Ellie" Ronemus.

No she wasn't a grande dame descended from Robert E. Lee. Nor was she brilliant or talented. But she made the best fried bread I ever tasted.

What's fried bread?

Well you never lived in a small town if you don't know what that is. To make fried bread you take fresh dough—all ready for baking—but instead of putting it in the oven you place some butter in a skillet and fry the dough until it is golden brown on both sides. It tastes better than terrapin or caviar. And that's what "Ellie" used to cook for me every baking day. And I loved to sit in the window in her summer kitchen and watch her iron while I'd tell her about the wonderful things I was going to do "some day". And she never laughed at me—never once.

Every single one of us has an "Ellie" whose influence follows us no matter how far we may drift. Back in Cambridge, Ohio, there is a sweet, faded old lady who would be astonished inexpressibly if she were told that she were responsible for one of the finest bits of moving picture characterization that has ever been given.

When you see the "King of Kings" watch for Simon of Tyrene. William Boyd plays this part—but he doesn't play a part—he is Simon of Tyrene. There is an expression on his face of the truly spiritual man, an expression of such reverence and beauty that it makes you marvel. And how do you suppose that happened? William Boyd is a good actor, with a firm technical mastery of various roles. But this—some way—is different. He just is Simon of Tyrene.

Years ago, back in Cambridge, Ohio, there was a young woman who spent her Sundays teaching the small boys of the town about the love and loveliness of the world's Greatest Martyr. William Boyd was one of her pupils. Often and often he wanted to skip Sunday School and do other and more vivid things but something really spiritual in this woman's character held him and made him attend promptly—even when he didn't want to.

And now, years afterwards, the reflection of that young girl's simple faith shines out through William Boyd's eyes as he follows the Way of the Cross.

The small town takes much from the motion picture and gives much to it. Watch Victor Varconi in any of his noted roles. Always Varconi preserves that air of the great gentleman. His gallantry and courtliness are unequalled.

When he was a small child—only three years of age—a great German noble used to visit his native village of Tisvarda, Hungary, each summer and winter. This visitor was Prince Chlodwig Karl Victor von Hohenlohe Schillings-Furst. The prince used to stay in Tisvarda for the purpose of enjoying a little real country life and he

was extraordinarily fond of an exciting boar hunt. Although he was an aristocrat he seemed to love the people and to delight in riding through their villages and attending their simple festivals. This glamorous Prince made such an impression on the mind of the young Victor Varconi that he never forgot him. And although he has been dead over twenty years he is the inspiration of Victor Varconi every time he walks upon the screen, in all his gallantry and courtliness.

Whether they are conscious of it or not, every man and woman who is born in a small town is dependent upon that town for much of his success. Many times, writers, painters and actors do not realize this fact. Nevertheless it is true. In our early youth our impressions are the vividest and when a man sits down to write or paint a masterpiece unconsciously he goes back to the time when his mind and heart were fresh and eager—back to his early youth.

The Main Streets make more stars—give more stars than all the city avenues. And when a name winks in and out in the lights above a theatre these lights are but a reflection of the fireflies which rise and glow in the fields of Iowa's corn, Kansas' wheat and Kentucky's clover.

Do you remember the wonder expressed in "The Master" that in a sordid fishing village a genius should be born? Bisbee, Arizona, might feel the same way, for Lloyd Hughes carries their colors. Or, New Brunswick, Canada, the birth place of Sam De Grasse. Phyllis Haver came from Douglas, Kansas and Rushville, Indiana knew Carmelita Geraghty before you did. And when the movie show opens in Forest City, Pennsylvania the folks look at Pat O'Mally's screen work with neighborly eyes. Whenever a Marie Prevost picture is shown in Sarina, Canada the whole town turns out because that's where Marie made her first appearance in the world. Port Huron, Michigan, is very proud of Colleen Moore, and Johnny Hines hails from Golden, Colorado, Jack Mulhall's severest critics are from his home town, Wappinger's Falls, New York. Charlie Murray comes from Laurel, Indiana, Lewis Stone from Worcester, Massachusetts, Virginia Lee Corbin from Prescott, Arizona, Mary Astor is from Quincy,

Illinois, Doris Kenyon from Syracuse, New York, Estelle Taylor from Wilmington, Delaware, Molly O'Day from Bayonne, New Jersey, Natalie Kingston from Vallejo, California, and Ben Lyon is the pride and joy of Atlanta, Georgia.

From St. Cloud, Nevada, June Marlowe was brought into the land of the films. You remember this little screen actress appeared as one of the lovely ladies with whom John Barrymore made life so intriguing in Rome in the middle ages. And Superior, Wisconsin is the town where tiny Marion Nixon first saw the light of day. Perhaps as she was growing up the Methodists and Baptists disapproved of her a little because she so loved to dance. But you don't hear a word of that now. Texarkana, Texas has much pride in its daughter, Corinne Griffith. And if you should visit New Palestine, Ohio, all that you would hear would be Milton Sills—from morning until night. Mission, Texas will stop its work for the day to show you the exact way Ken Maynard would rope a steer. The home folks love to talk about you—once they're really convinced of your worth——And that's as true in Europe as it is here in the States. The people up in Ystad, Sweden, count Anna Q. Nilsson as the Northland's finest export.

But the home folks don't always give out compliments. This was particularly true a couple of years ago when scandal broke out in Lynn, Massachusetts. When the news struck the village, the town dressmaker dropped her needle and hurried up to her cousin, Walter, who worked in the Gents' Furnishing Store up on Market Street. "Say do you know that that Neil Hamilton ain't gonna be a Priest. He's give up his vocation and" here she faltered, "and——gone on the stage!"

And it was true. Neil had done just that. To the disappointment of his relatives and the scandalization of the good people of Lynn. Neil himself was sad and worried. But he knew he was right. He knew he didn't have the true "call" and if he continued, he would, all his life, be a misfit in the Priesthood. So out into the world he went and did the one thing for which he was created—he became an actor.

In "Beau Geste" he portrays the part of Digby. When they were filming this picture, Neil used to sit and watch the "rushes", the scenes shot that day. As he looked over them he wondered what the folks at home would think of his work, if they would be proud of him and feel that he had been justified in leaving the Priesthood.

To-night from a thousand celluloid counterfeits Neil Hamilton in "Beau Geste" is preaching a sermon, deep, beautiful and eloquent—the sermon of brotherly love. To-night his flock is the world. And you may be sure that a tiny part of his vast congregation—Lynn, Massachusetts—has caught his message and is inspired.

The folks back home are proud of Neil Hamilton.

The movie player comes home every time his films are shown and his shadow self sees his conquest of the folks he left behind.

It's great to get on the little accommodation train with your near-leather bag full of dreams, and leave your home town. It's greater still to come back with those dreams realized. But it's greatest of all to have achieved your heart's desires and yet to have remained the "regular" fellow that Neil Hamilton, Harry Langdon and the others are so that in the midst of gaping crowds and pompous servants you can say as O. Henry did when he was requested to attend a banquet in his honor—"Why I'm only a boy from the country".



© Barbara Kent in a scene from "War Eagles".

A Surprise Party for Carmel Myers

(Continued from page 39)

her braids in the rush," explained Eleanor gaily. It seems that the wig was too warm when she was dancing, and so King Vidor had kindly removed it.

Sylvia Thalberg, too, resplendent as an ice-skater, at first in black satin trimmed with swansdown, looked adorable, especially as she wore a blonde wig, but she finally discarded the wig because it was too hot for a dancer, if not for a skater.

King Vidor declared that he "had brushed his teeth and come as a gentleman," but when he arrived there were some surplus gobs' hats there, so they made him put one on.

Looking awfully handsome in his sailor garb was Charlie Ray. Charlie said, however, that the boys all coming in sailor suits was merely a gesture of gallantry toward the ladies, since their colorful costumes would show up that much more in contrast.

Matt Moore varied the costume by coming as a long-shoreman.

Mae Murray looked lovely as Juliet, but her husband, Prince Divani, wore evening clothes, even to the high hat. Alas, he left it in a chair, and somebody,—three somebods in fact,—sat upon it!

"Oh, there's the new sheik, Eduardo Raquello!" cried Patsy excitedly, and, I must admit, almost above the sound of the jazz orchestra.

He is very handsome, is Eduardo, the new foreign actor who has just come over for Universal, and he looks wonderful on the dance floor. He danced the tango with Rosabelle Laemmle, who is exquisitely graceful.

Rosabelle, by the way, was dressed as a Czech-Slovakian peasant, and looked too cute for anything. She is a bright little miss, and it is said that she manages her father's, Carl Laemmle's, great house all by herself.

Clarence Brown came alone, but danced nearly all the dances.

Irving Asher as usual was lively and amusing. When we complimented him on looking nice in his gob uniform, he said, "Yes, but mother told me I looked like Wally Beery, when all the time I thought I was looking like Jack Gilbert."

There was a dummy gob lying on a sofa, and Bob Leonard said it represented the last leading man whose life Carmel had ruined in a picture.

Edmund Goulding and his sister were there, Miss Goulding very pretty in a Spanish costume.

We glimpsed Kathlyn Williams in the supper room. She wasn't in costume, but she hasn't looked so blooming in years. She has just returned from abroad, spending most of her time in Egypt, and is so thoroughly up-to-date about all the tomb excavations down there that she could give the hoariest-headed old scientist a run for his money. Louis B. Mayer's two pretty, graceful daughters and his nice wife were there.

Carmel's mother, as usual, bless her, was the genial spirit of home and hospitality.

A buffet supper was served in the charming sun parlor, a great fire was burning at one end of the living room in the big fire-place, and everything was very cosy. After unmasking and supper, dancing was resumed, and the sun was rising when a lot of us went home.

"But then," remarked Patsy, "the sun does come up so early at this time of year!"

"THEY'RE dancing in the other room.

Don't you want to glide a few steps?" demanded Jean Hersholt.

"Dancing?" I exclaimed. "Where? I don't hear any music out there."

"In the den," answered Jean.

Sure enough we found a jazz orchestra in the very next room to Jean's drawing room in his beautiful Beverly Hills home. Yet you couldn't hear a sound from it!

"Seems like a plot," suggested Patsy.

"A pleasant one, at any rate," I reminded her. "Here we can be listening to wonderful music on the piano in the drawing room, while just beyond the wall a jazz orchestra can be tootling its lungs out and yet you aren't disturbed if you prefer the high-brow altitudes."

A professional pianist had been playing for us, and then Paul Kohner had taken the piano stool and had played the Blue Danube Waltzes in a way to coax your heart right out of your bosom.

I'm way ahead of my story, though. For supper had previously been served in the den,—a large room entered through what Patsy termed a "secret passage" from the beautiful Italian patio,—and a wonderful supper it was. Mrs. Jean Hersholt herself had made the pate de fois gras and other dainty dishes.

And before supper, something very funny had happened. Jean had taken the men into the room to have a sip of near-beer and a cheese sandwich,—a special kind of cheese such as men like but women rarely care for.

Jean turned to cut the cheese, looked up,—and lo and behold every man of them had pulled his own cheese out of his pocket!

Poor Mr. Hersholt was completely crestfallen, until he realized it was all a joke. Then he laughed as gleefully as anybody. But we hear that all the men were very glad to discard their own cheese in favor of Jean's.

But about that soundless den,—

"What a boon that would be to a picture girl," said Mary Philbin rather wistfully,

we thought. "She could have dancing parties all night, and papa and mamma wouldn't be annoyed."

Sidney Olcott was my dinner companion on one side, though I had the seat of honor next to Mr. Hersholt on the other. Olcott told amusingly of his and Jean's early days together on the stage,—how one time they tried out some kind of a play at a theater in a tough mining town, and how somebody warned them before the curtain went up,—

"They're so tough out there that they are eating their young!"

A wonderful spirit pervades the Hersholt domicile, brought about, no doubt, by the sincere warmth and radiant hospitality of the Hersholts, and by their real love for their home.

People invited but who couldn't come to the party sent their regrets, some in unique form. Ted Sloman, directing a Russian picture, sent a detachment of Russian soldiers bearing his message of regrets, and it was really impressive as well as amusing to see them clanking into the supper room and saluting.

Johnny Hines sent regrets and that reminded Olcott of a joke that amusing Johnny had gotten off on the set during the making of a picture in which a goose was being used. It seems that Johnny kicked the goose, when the bird tried to bite him. Afterward Johnny said that the creature turned around and said to him, "I don't mind the kick so much as the thought behind it. You are afraid I am stealing the picture."

Laura La Plant was there with William Seiter, and looked lovely; Walter Hiers and his lovely wife came, and there were Russell Simpson and his wife, and Valentine Grant, Mr. and Mrs. David Torrence,—Mrs. David used to be an actress on the stage and is very lovely,—Leah Baird and Arthur Beck, Donald Crisp, Monte Blue and his wife, Bodil Rosing, who is Monte's mamma-in-law and an actress in pictures; Edwards Davis, and a dozen others.

When you go to Jean's house, be sure to see his library.

"Most people seem to think a library should be gloomy,—goodness only knows why," remarked Patsy, "but Jean seems to have an entirely different idea."

The library walls are decorated with paintings, evidently copies of some ancient paintings illustrative of various historical events, chiefly discoveries of new lands, and very quaint; but done in bright colors, so that the room is most cheerful.

There was a large mermaid greeting a bunch of travelers in one scene, and we were all joking as to who the different figures represented, with Jean Hersholt suggesting that probably the mermaid was Lon Chaney!

Paul Kohner, after that divine playing of the piano, went and sat at the feet of Mary Philbin, to whom he seems quite devoted. Neither, however, will admit any engagement.

Down in the drawing room afterward, Dave Upright sang in that glorious voice for us.

We examined the garden, lit with its myriads of electric lights, and brightened by fountains.

And Pat and I are hoping and hoping that we shall be invited to a garden party at the Hersholts next summer!



Ed Wynn as he appears in "Rubber Heels" his next comedy.



☞ *Gretchen Young, who has been signed as a stock player with First National.*

WE knocked at all the doors we could find, but in vain. So then we walked in, Pat and I.

We told Lois Weber and her husband, Capt. Harry Gantz, as we entered the big living room and they rushed to meet us, how we had knocked at every door we found, but nobody came to open them, and so we had come right in.

"Of course," exclaimed Miss Weber with smiling hospitality, "How dare you knock at my door. Of course you came right in!"

We found everybody lunching a la buffet when we came in, and Harry Crocker had just spilled a cup of coffee and some cream pie on his coat.

"I look well in everything I eat!" he kiddingly explained.

Many of the guests were sitting chatting over their food on the wide terrace before the house, which house Gantz has lately built for Miss Weber.

The house is in the country, and was built on his big El Dorado Ranch, on top of a beautiful slope, and overlooking acres of oranges.

After lunch we all sauntered out to the big swimming pool, half a mile from the house, but the day was a little too cold for bathing, so nobody went in; but Priscilla Dean and Donald Ogden Stewart, who was also one of the guests, pretended to be walking the tight-rope as they stepped along the concrete partition that divides the swimming pool in two.

Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, Jetta Goudal and Priscilla Dean, all found some old wagon and barrel hoops by the roadside, and held a hoop-rolling contest, much to the amusement of everybody.

Carmel Myers and Claire Windsor were both there, Carmel of course with her mother,—which gave her such an excellent chance to flirt with all the flirtable men!

Of course Priscilla Dean was with her current aviator, Captain Leslie Arnold.

"My bodyguard in uniform!" announced Priscilla.

Billie Dove came alone, because Irvin Willat, her husband, was working, finishing the picture which Lynn Reynolds was mak-

ing when he came to that tragic end by his own hand.

Jetta Goudal carried her natty little swagger stick. We remarked what an odd handle the stick had, and then she explained that it was a sitting stick, really. You just spread out the handles,—so,—and there you had a tiny chair! She explained that never yet had she fallen off it. But I shouldn't like to see Trixie Friganza try it;

We visited the chicken yards and the corrals, and saw the "chickens walking around all raw," as Raymond Hitchcock or somebody used to sing concerning the Broadway maiden making her first trip to the country. And then Harry Crocker seized a real estate sign and pretended to sell lots to us all.

Afterward, in the house, Lois Weber started the entertainment ball rolling by asking Donald Ogden Stewart to recite his famous essay on "Hollywood Birds." He pretended to be very serious,—gave us a little talk first,—then he gave some very funny burlesque imitations of birds.

Then we routed Joseph Cawthorn out of his corner, and made him sing his famous drunk song for us.

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan entertained with some songs, and Harry Crocker did the funniest imitations in the world of Morris Gest talking about "The Miracle."

Everybody voted it a wonderful day, as we left that charming and hospitable roof.

"I've just looked in the telephone directory and I've found one person who isn't at this party. I really think I should go and call him up!" exclaimed Johnny Hines.

We had just arrived at Mabel Normand's party,—the first she has given since her terrible illness, when she came very near dying with pneumonia.

Mabel was greeting everybody cordially, and Lew Cody of course was by her side. Everybody was so glad to see Mabel that they were holding a regular kissing bee, but I think that Lew was catching a few of the kisses on the fly, rescuing Mabel from them.

Mabel looked rather pale and quite, quite thin, but seemed awfully full of pep. However, we noted her stealing away upstairs to her room to lie down, once, and she must have grown very tired with all those guests, but she wouldn't admit it, being the best of sports.

Mabel and Lew, I understand, spend most of their time at Mabel's home in Beverly Hills, as Mabel prefers that arrangement, but once in a while for a change they go and live in Lew's house. They seem very happy together.

Fannie Brice was there when we arrived, sitting in a big chair in a corner, looking over a book of cartoons including one of herself. The drawing had been made before Fannie "had her nose bobbed," as she expresses it, so she could gaze at it with a completely superior air. Her present nasal member is all any movie director could ask. She is going into pictures, you know.

We spied quite a lot of stage celebrities there, including Ina Claire, who came late, following her performance of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Somebody made a joke and said that probably the last of Mrs. Chaney occurred when Lon insisted on disguising himself as a mouse. Fannie Ward, too, was there, looking more youthful than ever if that could be without her resembling a positive infant in arms.

"I'm always just scared to death," confided Patsy, "for fear I am going to have to wheel her home in a go-cart!"

Corliss Palmer looked very lovely, and so did Claire Windsor. (I'm going to have

rubber-stamps made for that remark about those two girls!)

Ruth Roland looks quite herself again, though we were all afraid for some time that she had some dreadful spinal trouble.

Anna Nilsson looked as lovely as ever, despite the fact that she has been working like a slave during the past several months in her various pictures.

Diana Miller, the pretty Titian-haired wife of George Melford, was chatting with Gertrude Olmsted on a sofa, and we stopped long enough to learn from Diana that she is going back on the screen, as she is getting a bit tired of being simply a home body. She is going to play in her husband's next picture; so you can see from that that he doesn't mind her going back on the screen.

Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan had been showing their dogs at a dog show somewhere, so didn't come until after twelve, but they said that they would willingly have foregone all the prizes their ki-yis had won rather than miss Mabel's party.

Bessie Love consented to do one of those wonderful dances of hers. She always manages to bring some new steps to the Black Bottom.

That beautiful Barbara Bennett, daughter of Richard Bennett, is back in Hollywood, and is going into pictures again. She just missed her father who had been playing on the coast, and was very sorry about it.

Lottie Pickford came with Allan Forrest, and there were Kathleen Clifford and Meo Illitch, Paul Bern, Eileen Percy, George Melford, Donald Crisp, Robert Leonard, Walter Pidgeon, Belle Bennett, Monte Blue and his wife, and simply scores of others.

You danced in the big living room, in a corner by the jazz orchestra, if you liked, but most of the guests seemed to enjoy more sitting about on sofas and in deep chairs or even on cushions on the floor, and chatting.

"How nice it does seem," remarked Patsy, as we drove away, "turning for a last look at the brightly lighted house, 'How nice it seems to see that light once more, up in Mabel's room'."



☞ *The famous villain, William Powell, as Ramon Oliveros in "Senorita". His next will be "Time To Love".*

They Thought I Was Trying to be Funny —



Until I Started to Play — Then I Gave Them the Surprise of Their Lives

THE crowd sat spellbound—fascinated by the rich full notes of Harry's violin. Yes, it was beautiful—for Harry was a brilliant performer. Yet I could not help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them. I waited until the last ripple of applause had stopped. Then with mock dignity I arose.

"With your kind permission," I announced, "I shall now charm you with a piano recital."

Everyone snickered, "Does he really play?" one girl asked. "Yes," Phil laughed, "he plays the Victrola—*beautifully!*" Someone behind me whispered: "Jim must have his little joke." "How about playing Rachmaninoff's 'Prelude in C Minor,' Jim!" another suggested. The room was in an uproar. They were sure I couldn't play a note.

With studied clumsiness, I fell over the piano stool and dropped the lid on my hand. Then with all the gravity of a master pianist, I proceeded to pick out "Chop Sticks" with one finger! The crowd roared with laughter. This was the dramatic moment for my surprise. Dropping the mask of the clown, I struck the first sweet chords of Wagner's lovely "The Evening Star" from "Tannhauser."

The laughter died on their

lips. The magic of my music cast a spell over everyone. As I played on with complete confidence I forgot the room—the people—everything. I was alone—lost in the sheer beauty of the immortal master's tender melodies.

The Thrill of My Life

When the last haunting strain of the mellow notes had faded away, there was a dead silence. Had I failed? A roar of applause answered my question. Then I felt the thrill that comes with real success!

A perfect bedlam of questions and congratulations followed from my amazed and dumbfounded friends—"How long have you been playing?"—"Who was your teacher?"—"Where did you learn?"

"I know it is hard to believe," I replied happily, "but I learned at home—and without a teacher!"

How I Learned

They were too completely surprised to say anything so I told them the whole story.

"I have always wanted to play the piano.

But I never had a chance to take lessons when I was a youngster and as time went on I reluctantly said goodbye to my ambition to play. Then I saw an interesting ad one day. It told about a new, easy way of learning music—right at home—without a teacher. It seemed too good to be true. But I *did* want to play and it certainly was worth investigating as long as it didn't cost me a cent. So I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson and Booklet.

"When they arrived, I was amazed to see how easy playing the piano really was—easier than I dared hope. I knew right away that I could master it. So I decided that I would send for the course and practice secretly. Then I could surprise you all."

Just a Few Minutes a Day

"The course was as fascinating as a new game. I enjoyed every minute of it. I was playing real tunes from the start by note. Reading music was as easy as A-B-C! No weary scales, no monotonous exercises, no tiresome hours of practicing. And each lesson was easier than the last. Although I never had any 'special talent' for music I was playing my favorites almost before I knew it. Soon I could play jazz, ballads, classical music—all with equal ease. Well, did I surprise you?"

You, Too, Can Quickly Learn

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand. Just pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And its cost averages just a few cents a day!

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated free book and our free demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

If you really want to learn to play—if new friends, good times, social popularity and increased income appeal to you—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3227 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

U. S. School of Music,
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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

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Pick Your Instrument

Piano	'Cello
Organ	Harmony and
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Drums and	Sight Singing
Traps	Ukulele
Guitar	Hawaiian
Mandolin	Steel Guitar
Harp	Clarinet
Cornet	Flute
Piccolo	Saxophone
	Trombone
	Voice and Speech Culture
	Automatic Finger Control
	Piano Accordion
	Banjo (5-String, Plectrum or Banjo)

New Screen Plays—Continued from page 49

of Byron Haskins. He used to be a camera man—and now he is a director having just completed his first picture "Matinee Ladies". And a good job he has made of it, too.

In what other industry, I ask you, are the opportunities so great as in the films? In what other industry—outside of the oil business—can you be a feather duster to-day and a rooster tomorrow? Since this is so, why don't boys and girls ever think of the executive end of the game. Why do they bemoan the fact that there aren't a hundred million starring jobs open—one for every inhabitant in the United States.

Go to see Haskins' picture "Matinee Ladies". Watch the way this budding director handles the heroine, May McAvoy,—and Hedda Hopper and Malcolm McGregor and all the others. Yesterday a camera man, to-day a director, and tomorrow—why who can say what height will be scaled by a man who has accomplished what Haskins has already done in such a short time?

He did an unusually competent job because he didn't have a particularly original theme for his story—just the same old idea of cradle snatchers. You know what they are—women who play around with younger men in the afternoon while their more mature husbands are hard at work earning the noiseless limousines and infinitesimal platinum wrist watches which the spoiled American woman seems to consider necessary before she dare stick her kinky head out of her luxurious house.

Just go to see this picture and watch how May McAvoy and Malcolm McGregor team up under Haskins direction. Look at it—not from the angle of a beautiful, sentimental romance but regard it from a technical viewpoint. This Haskins' swift climbing to competent direction is an inspiration to anybody.

THE NIGHT BRIDE

I'd hate to be in the fix that Marie Prevost gets herself into in "The Night



¶ Fay Wray will be Emil Janning's leading lady in "Hitting For Heaven".

Bride". How would you feel if your father came into a strange house and found you in a strange man's bed, wearing the stranger's pajamas? And just suppose you made your father believe that you were married to this stranger while all the time you weren't. And then suppose still further that the stranger is a woman hater who loathes the ground you tread. You'd be in pretty bad, now wouldn't you? To say nothing of the way you'd feel when your father left you alone in the bedroom with stranger and went out and locked the door. As our friend, Rene Adoree would say—some contretemps!

That's just what happens to Marie Prevost in her latest film. And while I've never been a Prevost fan, after seeing her in this newest picture, I've joined her ranks—one hundred percent. She is so lovable and amusing in this "Night Bride" melee that it would take a heart lots stonier than mine to hold out against her.

And that's not all. If Marie hadn't been so altogether charming Franklyn Pangborne would have walked away with the picture. He gives the best character performance you ever saw as a sissified secretary and wet nurse—almost—to Harrison Ford, said woman hater. He's simply grand and will ring a bell in you that's not often rung. He's a real actor, that boy, and the oftener he's cast in a picture, the oftener we'll get the rare thrill that comes from watching somebody superlatively funny.

NAUGHTY NANNETTE

If you're dead tired of seeing perfect young ladies go through their tricks in pictures which are often impossible and sometimes downright silly, go hunt for Film Booking Offices' latest film, "Naughty Nannette" and watch a regular girl, Viola Dana, speak a forkful. She's good. It's all very well to quote: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman" and it's all very well to have a voice like that. But, honest, sometimes don't you just yearn to see a girl act human. Well—that's Viola Dana all over.

Viola is an extra girl in Hollywood fighting her way along like a gallant soldier. One day she stumbles over another poor little drowned rat of an extra and takes her home. This child—Helen Foster—is starving and Viola sets out to get her rights for her. Does she? Well, you can always depend upon Viola and Rin-Tin-Tin to bring home the bacon.

This is a picture within a picture. You see a film actually being shot out in Hollywood and you follow the director in all his difficulties. And with Viola horsing around and bursting up his most emotional moments—he has a plenty.

Helen Foster for all that she has a small part, appealed to me vastly. I believe she has the makings of a really serious actress. Her finely shaped head and earnest patrician little face all seem to proclaim it. But you go and see her—and if I'm wrong, the sodas are on me.

But maybe not! Because if you don't agree with me on Helen you will on Ed. Ed who? Why Ed Bronell—Viola's boy friend. See if he's not more striking than any leading man you've seen this month.

THE SEA TIGER

When somebody says: "No Mary, can't be called beautiful but she has such a sweet disposition" you know there is something radically wrong with Mary. Well that's the same way I feel about "The Sea Tiger".

In this film of really wild and picturesque loveliness made on the Canary Islands, Milton Sills stars with Mary Astor. But why they call Milton a Sea Tiger is beyond anybody's imagination. He gave a grand account of himself but he wasn't even first cousin to tigerish. Instead he seemed a rather tolerant, mild-mannered, phlegmatic fisherman—taking all the time in the world to make sure of Mary Astor.

Mary Astor was superb, I thought, even



¶ Irene Rich is always busy, she finishes one picture and starts right on another. Her next is "Dearie".



¶ Edmund Burns has temporarily deserted us to make a picture abroad.



They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French

—but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply

WE had dropped into Pierrot's for dinner — Pierrot's, that quaint French restaurant where the waiters speak nothing but French. Jack Lejeune, who boasted a smattering of French, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Now tell me what you want to eat," announced Jack grandly, after we were seated, "and I'll 'parley' with the waiter."

With halting French phrases and much motioning of hands, Jack translated our orders to the waiter. Finally Jack turned to me.

"What's yours, Fred?" he asked.

"Virginia ham and scrambled eggs," I replied.

Jack's face fell. He knew that my order would be difficult to translate into French. However, he made a brave effort.

"Jambon et des———et des———" but Jack couldn't think how to say "scrambled eggs." He made motions as if he were scrambling eggs in a frying pan, but the waiter couldn't get what he was driving at.

"I'm afraid you'll have to order something else, Fred," he said finally. "I can't think of the word for 'scrambled eggs.'"

Everybody smiled — everybody except me. With great ceremony I beckoned to the waiter. "I'll explain my order to the waiter," I said. A chuckle ran around the table.

"Fred can't speak French, can he?" I heard a girl whisper to Jack.

"No—he never spoke a word of French in his life," came the answer. "But watch him. This will be funny. He'll probably give an imitation of a hen laying an egg."

A Tense Moment

The waiter addressed me. "Monsieur a fait son choix?" he asked.

There was a pause. All eyes were on me. I hesitated—prolonged the suspense as long as possible. Then in perfect French I said to the waiter: "Oui. Donnez-moi du jambon aux oeufs brouillés—jambon de Virginie."

The effect on my friends was tremen-

dous. The laughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. In order to heighten the effect, I continued for several minutes to converse in French with the waiter. I asked him all sorts of questions—what part of France he was from—how long he had been in America, and many other queries. When I finally let the waiter go, everybody started firing excited questions at me.

"Fred! Where did you learn to speak French like that?" "Why didn't you tell us you could talk French?" "Who was your teacher?"

"Well, folks," I replied, "it may sound strange, but the truth is I never had a teacher. And just a few months ago I couldn't speak a word of French."

"Quit your kidding!" laughed Jack. "You didn't develop that knowledge of French in a few months. I thought it took years to learn to talk like that."

"I have been studying French only a short while," I insisted. And then I told them the whole story.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

"Did you ever hear of the House of Hugo?" I asked.

Jack nodded. "That's that famous Language Institute over in London, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "They've been teaching languages for over a century. Thousands of Europeans have learned foreign languages in a surprisingly short time by their 'at-sight' method."

"But what's that got to do with your learning French?" asked Jack. "You haven't been over there taking lessons from the House of Hugo, have you?"

"No, I couldn't go to the House of Hugo, so the House of Hugo came to me," I replied quizzically.

My Friends Look Startled

"Here's what I mean," I said. "The authorities of the House of Hugo got together recently and decided to condense their knowledge of language instruction—their experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful method into a course of printed lessons—a course which anyone could study at home."

"This course turned out to be the most ingenious method of learning French ever devised. It was simply marvelous. It enabled people to learn French in their own homes, in an incredibly short time."

"I can scarcely believe it myself, but just a

few months ago I didn't know a word of French. Now I can speak and understand French when it is spoken to me. And I didn't study much—just a few minutes a day. There were no laborious exercises to do—no tiresome rules—no dull class-room drills. It was actually fun learning. Everything was so clear, so simple, so easy. Honestly, the Hugo 'At-Sight' French Course is the most remarkable thing of its kind I have ever seen!"

Try It 5 Days FREE

This story is typical. You, too, can now learn French at home—quickly, easily, pleasantly—just as thousands of others are doing by the celebrated Hugo "At-Sight" Method. Twenty-four fascinating lessons, carefully planned. The most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language-teaching experience in all the leading European cities are behind this French course.

The wonderful thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes you *your own teacher*. At home—in minutes that might otherwise be wasted—you learn phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, to speak the language correctly and well. To be able to speak French is decidedly a cultural attainment, and is recognized as such. Use those spare minutes to master French this fascinating Hugo way!

No money is necessary now. We shall be glad to send you the complete course FREE FOR 5 DAYS so that you may see it and judge it for yourself. Within the free examination period you have the privilege of returning the course without cost or obligation, or keeping it as your own and sending only \$2 as a first payment, and thereafter \$2 a month until the full price of \$12 has been paid.

You are the judge. Simply return the course within 5 days if you are not fascinated and delighted with it. If you act promptly, a valuable French-English Dictionary, containing 45,000 words, will be included without additional cost.

We urge you to clip and mail this coupon today. Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-807, Garden City, New York.

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Please send me the Hugo "French-at-Sight" Course in 24 lessons, for free examination and include the French-English Dictionary. Within 5 days I will either return the course and dictionary or send you \$2 at that time and \$2 each month thereafter until \$12 has been paid.

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5% discount for cash with order

Almost too good to

Not one cent of beauty shop expense for this lovely marcel



I think the Marcellers are great. The girls at school are crazy about my waves and will not believe that my mother does it with the marcellers. — Virginia Fair.

Marcelling your hair with the Maison Marcellers is both simple and fascinating. First you moisten the hair with water. Then the hair strands are brought through a specially designed loop and caught in place with a metal pin. The hair is thus held in "waves" from 15 to 30 minutes until dry, when you take the marcellers out—and there is the most beautiful marcel you ever saw!



With our Marcel Fashion Chart to guide you, it is a simple matter to get any type or style of marcel you want with the Maison Marcellers—side part, center part, horseshoe wave, Ina Claire or shingle "bob," pompadour, etc. Detailed drawings show how to apply the Marcellers for each style. The Style Chart also contains suggestions for selecting the kind of marcel most becoming to your type of beauty.



I have a better wave now with Maison Marcellers than I ever had before. Seems hardly possible but it is true. Not only do they give a deep and lasting wave but also a softer or more natural one than a hot iron marcel. — Josephine E. Jordan.

You know only too well how absurdly costly your marcel have been, how rapidly your money has melted away under these constant visits to the beauty shop. You try to be careful to preserve your so-expensively acquired marcel. You swathe your head at night in a veil, you begrudge every moment spent in a steamy kitchen, you flee from a drop of rain on your bare head, you cover your hair with a towel when you take a hot bath—all to make you wave last longer, and cut a dollar or two here and there from your marceling expense. But still the cost keeps mounting. What are you to do? Go without a wave, neglect your appearance, join the ranks of the women who don't care how they look, lose your hard-earned reputation for beautiful grooming?

No, it isn't necessary. You can have the loveliest marcel you have ever seen, not just once in a while, but whenever you want it, every day of the year, in fact. And you can have it *without another cent of beauty shop expense!*

Maison Marcellers save a \$1.50 marcel every time you use them

Think of it! For the cost of just a couple of beauty shop marcel you can insure having a perfectly marcelled coiffure day in and day out, without another cent of expense. It is almost too good to be true. But *it is true.*

Look at the photographs shown on opposite page. They tell the story. Note how straight and unpromising the model's locks appear before the Maison Marcellers are adjusted. Note how simple is the arrangement of the Marcellers on the head.

Then behold the results! A glorious wave, a perfect marcel, smooth, soft, deep undulations that lie in a fluffy aureole about the face, framing it in an exquisitely executed marcel that even the most skilled professional might well envy.

Don't think that the wave pictured above is an exception. The same results have been secured time and again in public demonstrations. A representative of this very publication witnessed a similar demonstration of the wonderful effectiveness of Maison Marcellers, and added his endorsement to those of a hundred or more other representatives.

You, yourself, can have just such a glorious marcel

All you need do to have the loveliest marcel imaginable is to dampen your hair slightly, slip the Maison Marcellers in place, and leave them there while you dress. Then, as soon as your hair is dry—a matter of thirty minutes or so—you slip the wavers off—and you, yourself, are the delighted possessor of just such a wave as that shown on opposite page.

Do you wear your hair in large,

loose waves? The Maison Marcellers produce just such a wave. Do you prefer a small, close wave? You can just as easily have a wave of that type. Do you wear your hair in a shingle bob, a pompadour, an Ina Claire or a horseshoe wave? Every one of them can be perfectly achieved with Maison Marcellers. With the Marcellers goes a complete fashion chart of hair styles, and detailed explanation of how to produce any type you wish.

Even the most difficult hair is conquered by this marvelous waving method

Perhaps you say, "It may work for others, but my hair is too difficult." You are just the person, then, for whom Maison Mar-

All Your Questions Answered in Advance

To anticipate the questions which come up in many women's minds we offer the following answers which are vouched for by any woman who has used Maison Marcellers.

Will the hair be entirely dry at the end of thirty minutes?

Answer: Yes. In using the Maison Marcellers, you merely dampen it.

Is all of the hair waved by the Maison Marcellers?

Answer: Yes. The hair is waved right down to the end.

Is all the hair marcelled at one time?

Answer: Yes. There are ten Marcellers in the set, sufficient to do the hair in one operation.

Is more than one set needed in a home?

Answer: No. One set of Maison Marcellers will do very nicely for the family.

How long do the Marcellers last?

Answer: They last indefinitely. We've never known a set to wear out in service.

I have a permanent, can I use these Marcellers?

Answer: Yes, you can use them. Regardless of how fuzzy the permanent is it can be shaped into a perfect marcel by these Marcellers.

be true!

Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this paper and representatives of over one hundred other nationally known magazines and newspapers witnessed a demonstration of these wavers and found them to be successful and very satisfactory.



cellers are meant. Don't you know that the reason your hair has failed to take a marcel is that the professional operators have never waved it twice the same? With these Marcellers you can do what no one else would bother to do, set the wavers the same every time and in a brief while train your hair to wave exactly as you want it to, in the precise line most becoming to the shape of your face. Perhaps the first time you try it you won't get the line exactly as you want it. But, no matter how stubborn your hair, no matter how stiff and inadaptably, you can give it, not just a passable wave, but as lovely a wave as you have ever known.

*Think how quickly your hair,
freed from the tyranny of hot
irons, will regain its lovely
lustrous beauty*

No matter how ruined your hair has been

Read What They Say!

Mrs. M. S—, Camden, N. J.

I am very well satisfied with your marcellers and is the truest advertisement I have ever sent for.

Miss C. B. P—, Flint, Mich.

I cannot too highly recommend the Maison Marcellers to anyone desiring a perfect marcel effect.

"I Think They're Just Wonderful"

Miss E. D—, Washington, D. C.

I think they are wonderful. My hair was thin and straight and cost me so much money going to hairdressers to keep it waved, but since I have these wonderful wavers my hair looks much better.

Mrs. E. W. C—, White Salmon, Wash.

I was certainly pleased. I marcelled my own and my sister-in-law's hair and would like to say I wouldn't resell it to you for \$10.

Mrs. M. N. B—, Waukegan, Ill.

The Marcellers arrived two days ago. And as inexperienced as I was I had a wave that same day. Yesterday my husband came home and as soon as he saw my hair he said, "Oh, you got a marcel today!"

Miss M. Z—, Duquesne, Pa.

I give a good word about your wonderful Marcellers to all who ask me, "Oh, what pretty marcells. How do you curl your hair?" Of course I'm glad when asked. The marcells are beautiful.

"I Wouldn't Take \$20 For Them"

Mrs. M. V. S—, Elizabeth, N. J.

Am delighted with the wavers. Would not sell my set for \$20 if I thought I could not replace them.

by previous waving methods, your Maison Marcellers will give it a chance to regain its own soft, silky lustre. Once you are freed from the tyranny of hot irons that burn, break and discolor the hair and dry the scalp, the hot blast of water-wave "setting" that makes the hair so dry and brittle, or other waving methods that take out all the life and lustre and make the hair harsh and kinky, your hair will begin to return to health and vigor. Within a few months you will hardly recognize it, so complete will be the transformation, so wonderful the new, lustrous beauty.

*Thousands of women know the
joys of this safe, sane way
of waving*

Women, the country over, the moment the Maison Marcellers were introduced, recognized the great boon which they conferred, and hastened to send for them. They knew what a wonderful relief it would be to be able to end the annoyance of beauty shop appointments, to end the expense of beauty shop marcells, to end the destructive action of dangerous waving methods. Now they wave their own hair—at home—when—ever they wish—as often as they wish—without the slightest bit of harm to their hair! They go about all the time with perfectly groomed, beautifully marcelled hair. And they keep their hair in this exquisite condition by just a few minutes of care once a week or so.

*Send no money—Just mail the
coupon*

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman

KAUFMAN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers
CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

Signed: EDWARD J. COOK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

EMMA W. STOLZENBACH, Notary Public.

Miss Anderson's statement:

When I arrived at the Kaufman & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hair-dresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved.

(Signed) MISS EVELYN ANDERSON.

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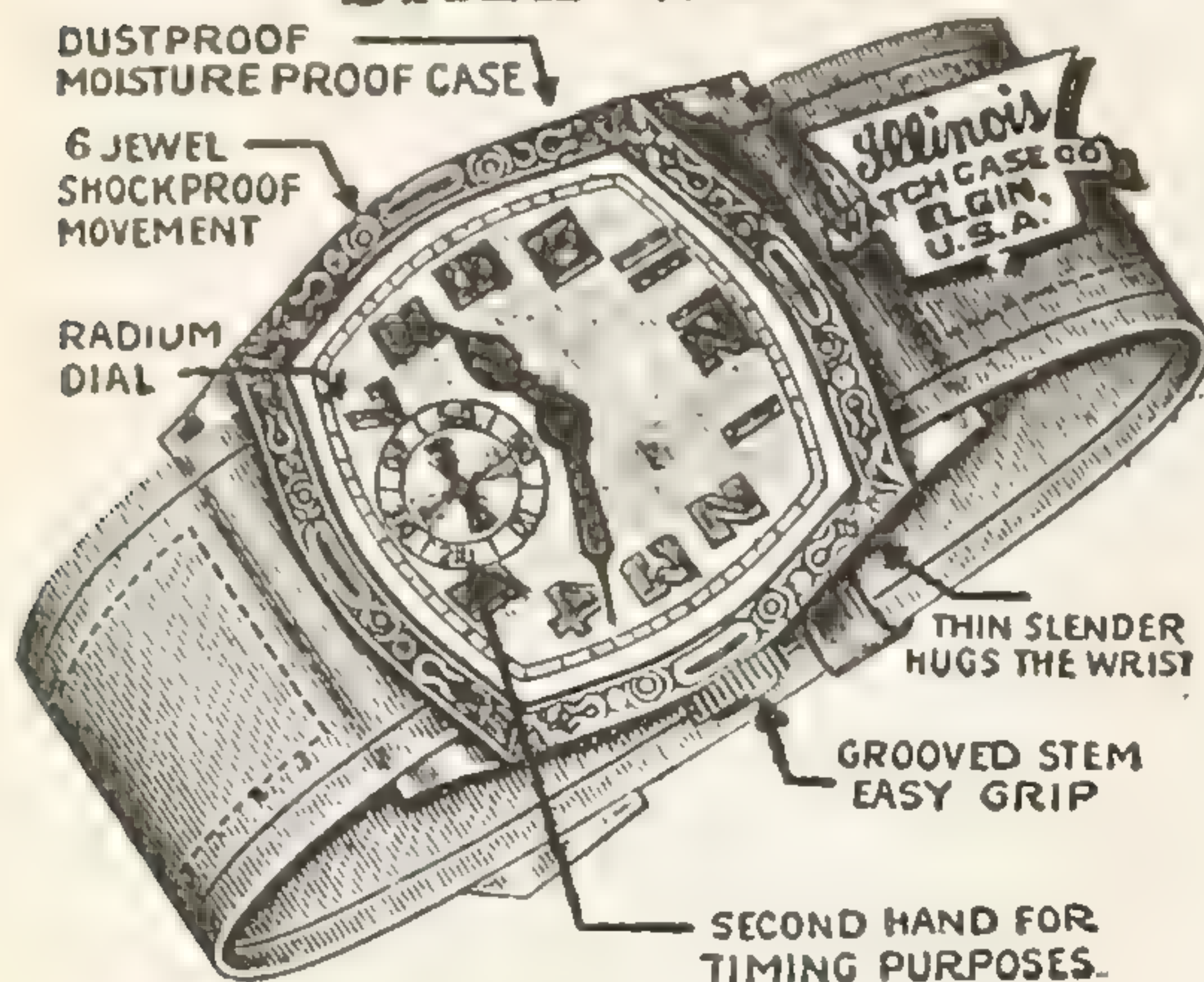
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when they made her do all sorts of callow, unnecessary bits of monkey business—such as pulling handful of hair out of Alice White's head. Alice, by the way, gave a slashing good portrayal of a sensuous little, light-headed vamp. And Larry Kent—whoopee! He was my favorite of all. He played Milton's no account young brother and with what fire and nerve and dash! But I didn't get one bit alarmed when he was knocked senseless out in his little boat—alone in a frightful storm. Somehow, you know it isn't really frightful at all. But just some none-too-clever mechanical tricks.

Summing it all up, there was a marvelous locale, all the acting talent in the world, a fairly agreeable story, and direction which at times was resourceful and even piquant.

"What are you kicking about then?" you ask. I don't know. It had all the proper ingredients. But it just didn't jell. But we've all had that happen to our efforts at some time or another. So go to see the picture anyway. Just for the wild, ruthless spirit and full, fervent color which spurts out every now and then when somebody isn't looking.

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Take one disappearing corpse, two black-

robed figures and mix well with a couple of badly-frightened negro servants, a blunt-headed detective, a crooked lawyer and a beautiful lady—and you have **EASY PICKINGS**.

Anna Q. Nilsson is the heroine and looks her slimmest in a pair of pants. Philo McCullough works his arch-villainy up to a momentous crescendo—but, darn the luck, he loses the girl and the fortune to honest, upstanding Kenneth Harlan.

That's the kind of picture it is and you can take it or leave it. I took it—TWICE! I saw it first one afternoon in the projection room and all the way home I thought: "What a terrible picture". But after I had my dinner I kept remembering its good points. I then reached the conclusion that it wasn't the picture but the fresh shrimp cocktail that I had had for my lunch that threw me off. So a few nights later I went up to the Hippodrome and saw it again—and liked it fine. And that just shows you what fresh fish aged in a can can do to anybody's morale.

If you like Anna Q. —and who doesn't?—put this film down on your list—no not your black list—but the list of films well worth seeing.

Coming Up

(Continued from page 24)

that she played only in imagination. Gwen Lee has served that apprenticeship!

And now Gwen Lee has gotten a break.

A couple of breaks, in fact.

Here's how it happened. Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody were co-starred all of a sudden. There was another part in the picture. A big part, too, and a grand acting role. The powers that be considered! There was Gwen Lee, who had served her day in school, who had been through extra work, bits, small parts and was ready for the big things.

The grandest clothes you ever saw were made. And can Gwen Lee wear clothes! Then while she was working in "Adam and Evil" she was given the role of Norma Shearer's sister in "After Midnight". It's a perfect peach of a part. One of those smart crackling, life of the party gals, who gets a lot of sympathy anyhow. So there you are and Gwen Lee has a break and everybody's happy.

"There's just nothing to write about me!" Gwen wailed when I told her that she was being interviewed. "got a bad start by being born in Omaha, Nebraska. Isn't that a difficult place to be born in when you want to do exotic parts?"

"Then I wasn't discovered by anybody. Nobody said I was a great find. I simply came out here like thousands of others and got extra work and didn't get work and got it again. No director ever rushed up to me at the opera or at a cafe and told me I was just the type he'd been looking for. And I've never been in the Follies and I haven't any famous relatives. So what a flop I turned out to be for an interview."

So there's nothing to do but admit that in the matter of background Gwen Lee isn't there. But what's a background or two among friends? I'll dash off several if you want me to. But what's the use? Gwen Lee's got much, much more than a background.

She is the most refreshing person I know, for she won't be dignified and she's a perfect clown and her frankness is startling, and you'll never catch her talking about something she doesn't understand just because she thinks she should!



Esther Ralston has been selected to play the feminine lead in "Beau Sabreur" a sequel to "Beau Geste"



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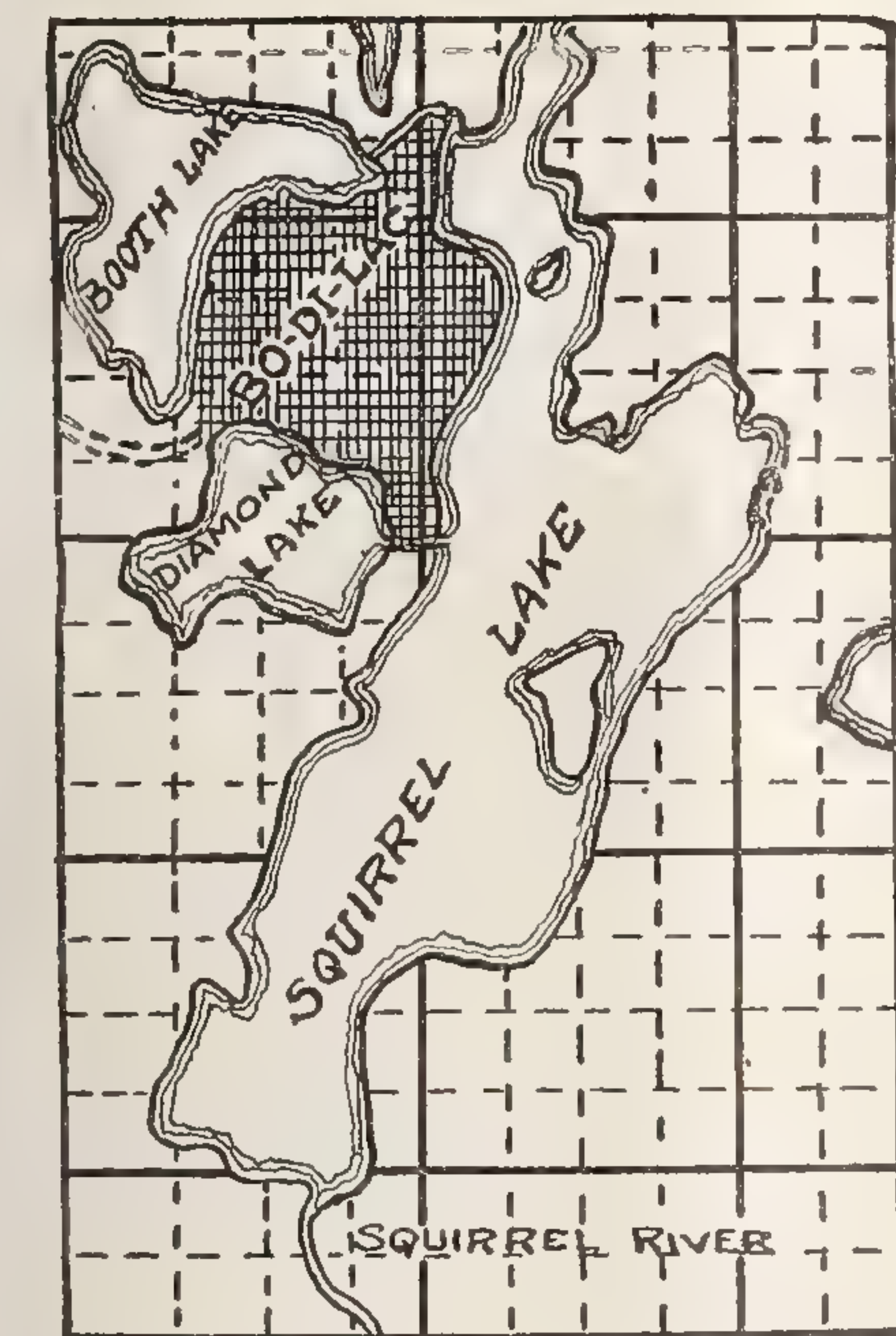
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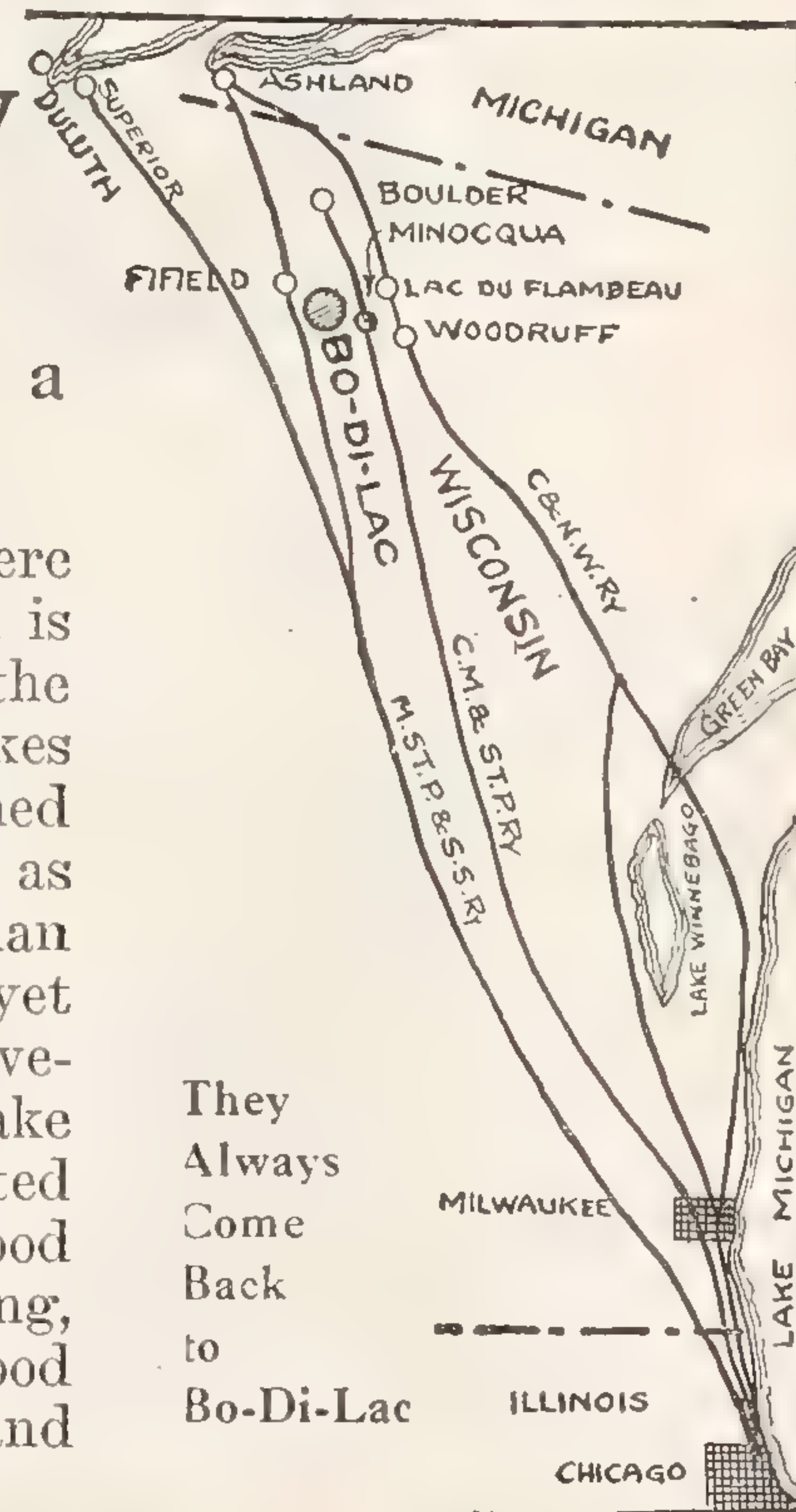
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In one breath Gwen says, "I wish you would sit down and really tell me who Freud is and what he's really done. Everybody talks about him but nobody will ever tell you about him."

Now try that over on your consciousness. Sure, you've got a vague idea, so have I. Inferiority complexes. Suppressed desires. But if anybody asks you just who Freud is and what he's really done could you answer?

And in the next breath she tells you that she's dying to play "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". That does not appear to be particularly novel. Every girl in pictures would jump at the chance. But to look at Gwen you might think her too much the type. That she has the preception to see the humor of the Loos best seller definitely takes her out of the "just a blonde" class and makes her worthy of the role.

Then she takes another breath and tells you all about the chickens that she's raising. Don't laugh, it's a fact. Gwen lives in Culver City, not Hollywood, and, believe it or not, I've never seen her in a night club.

The Chickens are an outcome of an idea advanced by her grandmother and her mother. They thought it would be nice to have fresh eggs for breakfast, so Gwen bought twelve to satisfy them. Then Gwen, herself, began to get interested and now she's all for going into the chicken business on a large scale, a ranch in San Fernando Valley, maybe, or something equally ambitious. I tried to argue her out of the idea. Blondes and chicken ranches. It doesn't sound just right.

But Gwen Lee refuses to run true to type. She spoke of those first days when she was an extra girl hoping to get a chance. "I wouldn't go through it again for anything," she said. "I'm sure it is worse than swimming the English Channel. And I wouldn't advise my worst enemy to attempt it. Perhaps if you become an extra just to make a living and never hope to achieve stardom you're happier. But when your hopes are high and you're continually believing that something good is coming your way, the disappointment when the good things don't come is too keen.

"Two years is enough for any girl to give

herself. If she isn't started toward fame by that time then she should get out of the business entirely. I don't mean that she must be a star in two years but she should at least have had a break, she should at least be out of the extra class.

"I shall never forget once I was playing extra on a dining room set. About thirty of us were seated at a long table obviously enjoying a dinner party. We were sipping ginger ale. One of the girls turned to me and recalled an incident that happened on a set some seven years ago. She'd been playing extra for seven years just imagine it! For seven years she had been sitting at long tables sipping large quantities of ginger ale!"

"That's awfully dramatic," I mused. "You've a nice eye for situation." Then I rued the remark. Lesser phrases than that have given nice, interesting girls the idea that they could write books and things.

But don't worry about Gwen. She's not that kind. In fact, Gwen has a quality somewhat rare in Hollywood. She depreciates herself and her work almost to a fault.

"I take any part that comes along and praise heaven," she said. "I've stopped counting on things, because half the time I look forward to something it never develops and the real chances I've had have come out of a clear sky."

She used to model clothes in Los Angeles to tide herself over rough places. That's why she can grace luxurious gowns so well. And what gorgeous things she's wearing in "Adam and Evil", an evening ensemble of orchid trimmed with crystals, coat and frock to match, and a day time frock of saturn red and brown trimmed with mink.

"But if you think this is great," she enthused, "Wait until you see what the girl friend is wearing in 'After Midnight'. There are three evening gowns and four negligees and, darling, they're divine."

Well, you can't do an interview with Gwen Lee. Omaha and an inferiority complex are against it, but you can spend a delightful afternoon laughing and chatting and laughing again.

Just as I was leaving she called out, "Love and kisses to my public and please tell 'em that Gwen Lee has gotten a break at last!"

Fay Wray Enters—Continued from page 24

She had faith in herself.

By this time most persons know the essential facts of how Fay Wray bridged the gap between mediocrity and renown in one step, how she reposed herself at night a player in comedies and westerns, and awakened the next morning as the leading lady of "The Wedding March", Erich Von Stroheim's choice among a thousand aspiring actresses.

Let Miss Wray tell you, herself, of the

most poignant moment of her life, the beginning of the story of how she was made magnificently happy in real life by having her heart broken on the screen.

It was in Erich Von Stroheim's office at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of March 10, 1926. Although the sun was blazing outdoors, the window curtains were drawn and dim swinging lamps served to emphasize an atmosphere of theatrical gloom.



☞ The eligible bachelors of Fox Studios—George O'Brien, Charles Farrell, Richard Walling, Barry Norton and Clifford Holland. Pick 'em out.

The Crimes Women Commit Against Themselves!

By Annette Kellermann



NOT long ago a woman came to me for advice. She had been a robust young lady full of strength and vitality, cheerful, charming and tireless. Her bank of health seemed to be so full that she little dreamed it could ever be exhausted. One morning she woke up tired. Something seemed to have left her. Day after day she grew weaker, took less interest in her surroundings and then withered like a faded flower. She began to take pills and powders. She began to use creams and lotions, skin tonics and rouges. But she never could find her lost health in a bottle, and she never could get back her natural strength out of a box. She had to lean on tonics and treatments to keep going. Artificial stimulation whipped her into some semblance of activity. Pepsin digested her food; laxatives took the place of Nature. But after a while she realized the hopelessness and the foolishness of attempting to gain real health, real vitality and rich red blood out of a store. So she came to me for advice.

I told her not to worry, that if she followed my instructions she would soon be herself again. Today she gets more out of life than she ever did before. She builds strength into her system, so that, drawing upon it, she does not bankrupt her body.

The crime most women commit against themselves is to let themselves go. They are careless until it is too late. It does not require intelligence or common sense to be careful after it is useless to be careful. It does require intelligence and common sense to catch yourself in time.

If you suffer from headaches, are weak, run-down, anemic, tired and worn out, if your nerves are ragged, your digestion weak, if you are gaining weight too rapidly or losing it beyond reason, if you shuffle and slouch along instead of having the springy step of youth, you are dangerously near the breaking point. You are committing a crime against yourself for which you will pay the penalty. If your complexion is pimply, blotchy, sallow, if your eyes are baggy, your hair straggly, you are committing the crime of losing your own birthright, beauty and charm.

Few women understand how to avoid this crime. That is why I have made it my life work to teach them. I learned how in the hard school of experience, for I myself was not always strong, athletic and free from aches and pains, and my figure, which has been called the most perfect in the world was a development, not a birthright.

No,—as a child I was puny, weak, bowlegged, almost a cripple. For years I had to struggle against becoming an invalid. Finally I conquered my defects. Since then I have bestowed renewed health and beauty upon thousands of other women by means of the simple, natural methods that I discovered in my own case. I want to help *all* women, who are willing to give up their pills, powders and tonics, to become as perfect in every way, as

healthy, as vigorous, as beautiful and as happy as Nature meant them to be.

It is totally unnecessary for women who have *no organic trouble* to suffer as they do—totally unnecessary to be continually incapacitated by petty little ailments—headaches, indigestion, constipation—totally unnecessary to look old, haggard and worn, dependent upon “make-up” to keep up a counterfeit youthful appearance. Let me tell you how you can free yourself from your weariness, your feeling that you live only half a life; and become a vital, vigorous woman with a figure and complexion that reflects the abounding health and strength within you.

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In this book, which I will send absolutely free to any woman requesting it, I tell you exactly how I transformed my weak, semi-invalid body into a physique capable of establishing world's records. In this book are also a few of the thousands of letters I have received from women who have been completely made over by the same methods that restored me. Here, in a word, is the *proof* that *any* woman, by devoting only fifteen minutes a day to it, can obtain a perfect figure of her type, neither too stout nor too thin; mould each part of her body to graceful, youthful lines; can acquire a clear, healthy complexion; and can overcome the weakness and physical troubles that the majority of women suffer from.

If you would like to have a copy of “The Body Beautiful,” just request it. There is no charge or obligation. Simply write a letter to me, or mail the coupon that is conveniently ready right now. I will send the book, and also explain about my special 10-Day Demonstration Offer. Do it this minute—it may be the beginning of a new kind of health, happiness and good looks for you.

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Miss Marion has written thirteen scripts for Mary Pickford, a half dozen for Norma Talmadge, and in the past year has done the screen versions of *"Stella Dallas,"* *"Winning of Barbara Worth,"* *"The Scarlet Letter,"* and *"The Wind."* She has seen too many "Minnie Flynns" come and go before her to miss any of the high spots in their singularly similar stories. She has made practically every one of the characters in her novel so faithful a portrait of an actual "movie" celebrity that many readers will guess the identity of each before they have read three chapters.

The title of Miss Marion's book scarcely portrays its excellent qualities.

An associate editor of SCREENLAND, after reading this book said: "It has the true atmosphere of the Motion Picture Studios and should interest every screen fan."

This book is in its 4th edition.

It offers more insight to the screen than any current book.

Write for Frances Marion's success: MINNIE FLYNN.

Screenland Book Dept. (Desk 5)
49 West 45th St.
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For the enclosed \$2.00 please send me a copy of "Minnie Flynn."

Name

Address

The director-star had sent for Miss Wray. He was looking for a leading lady to play the wistful heroine of *"The Wedding March,"* tender, tearful little Mitzi.

"There were three of us in the room," Miss Wray tells it, "Mr. Von Stroheim, the woman who had arranged my introduction, and myself. For half an hour Mr. Von Stroheim had left me almost entirely out of the conversation, although he seemed to be studying me from the corner of his eye.

"Then he arose from his chair to signify the interview was ended. And very gently, he said:

"'Goodbye, Mitzi.'

"I buried my face in my hands and cried.

"My tears were uncontrollable, so great was my joy. Two words of leave-taking had decided my future on the screen. Later Mr. Von Stroheim told me he was glad I had shown so much emotion because sincere tears were part of the temperament of Mitzi."

Since these pages are harbingers of good news for Miss Wray, sequence may be disregarded for a paragraph or two to mention the next thing in store for her. Recently she met Mauritz Stiller who is assigned to direct Emil Jannings in a picture based on *"Hitting For Heaven"*.

Jannings saw several reels of *"The Wedding March"* in a projection room at Paramount studio. He hurried to Stiller, saying, "I must see this girl, Fay Wray. I must have her for my leading woman." After the introduction Jannings was doubly sure that none but Miss Wray would do. And so she will have the role of the Salvation Army lass in the new Jannings' starring production because the great character star has demanded it.

And not long ago, when she was sixteen, she was an extra girl who had waited for three months to be called even for extra work. She was still a student at Hollywood High School, then, and had registered for picture work at Century Studio, a girl in a white middie blouse and pleated serge skirt who had a burning intuition that she was destined to be a celebrated actress. School plays had nourished her dramatic ambitions.

On her second day in pictures the director gave her a bit to play. Her fragile beauty—an ethereal quality of loveliness, many call it—her pleasing dignity; a grave, sweet power in her blue eyes, gave promise even then. A week later she was called back as leading woman in another comedy, *"Gasoline Love."* Despite the fact that she had the leading role she was so young the law required her to have a tutor on the set to keep up her school work.

Casting office files at the various studios had to be slightly revised about this time. Instead of "Fay Wray, extra; slight, fair type," the cards stated: Fay Wray, leads; five feet and three inches, 114 pounds, golden brown hair, blue eyes."

She played a lead in a Fox two-reel comedy and went from there to Poverty Row. It was her one and only experience in the picturesque, down-at-the-heel producing quarter of Hollywood. The picture, a five-reel Poverty Row feature, has never been put on the market. It was intended to be a "quickie" but it took five weeks to make. Even Poverty Row has expensive production difficulties.

A six months contract with the Hal Roach studios, followed by ten months in westerns at Universal gave Miss Wray her fill of comedy falls and melodramatic horse operas. She was frankly dissatisfied. This was not acting. This was not the pure, clear air of the drama that she longed to breathe. Riding a pinto with a swarthy villain in pursuit was not in keeping with her vision of art.

For Fay Wray has a strong sense of the sublime. It is part of her unquenchable faith in herself. She is a skilled pianist, with a pronounced leaning toward the melodists, Strauss and Schubert, Schumann and Chopin.

Artistic gifts seem to run in the Wray family. Fay is one of five children. Her brother, J. Vivien Wray, is beginning to attract attention as a writer. Her sister, Willow Wray Jackson, is studying for grand opera. Two younger brothers, Richard and Victor, are attending school.

"I did not see Mr. Von Stroheim for twelve weeks after he had promised me the part. On the first day's shooting the cameraman took me aside and whispered, 'Von has okayed your first scene.' Is that anything unusual? I asked him. He fairly shouted back at me, 'Unusual! It's never happened before. You'd be lucky if he okayed the tenth.' This gave me confidence and made me very happy.

The young actress's remarkable performance in *"The Wedding March"* drew a long-term contract with Paramount even before the production was finished. Von Stroheim's superlative estimate of her that "she is ten thousand women in one," was shared by Jesse L. Lasky and B. P. Schulberg. They think she is potentially one of the greatest stars the screen has seen.

Fay Wray is lyric feminine proof that romance still lives.

She set a gilded lance of hope at rest and tilted with Hollywood. And with what eloquent results everyone now knows.

She is the type one likes to vision in an ivory tower toward which the roses climb on old ivy in the moonlight, a golden-haired wraith of girl, gazing into the distance for an armored knight who will carry her away in the scented, purple darkness.

She has glorious dreams and faith that they will come true. That she will win what she wants from life already seems assured because she has something wonderful to give in return.

Dreams become realities to girls, who, like Fay Wray, rise from slapstick to the sublime, from *"Gasoline Love"* to *"The Wedding March."*

Good luck, Mitzi.



"Viola Dana is a cute little cut-up in *"Naughty Nannette"* her next picture.

"His Tail Between His Legs"

What most men would see if they could see themselves

MOST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have **THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.**

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for **SOMETHING TO TURN UP** that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more **COWED** they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the "little-business" slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—**MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!**

The pity of it is, nothing can **SHAKE THEM** out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children **BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.**

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They **CHALLENGE** the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, **TO SET A HIGH GOAL**—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who **DO** try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will."

What about **YOU?** Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in **YOUR** Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? **ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?**

Success is a simple thing to acquire when you know its formula. The first ingredient is a grain of **COURAGE.** The second is a dash of **AMBITION.** The third is an ounce of **MENTAL EFFORT.** Mix the whole with your God-given faculties and no power on earth can keep you from your desires, be they what they may.

Most people actually use about **ONE TENTH** of their brain capacity. It is as if they were deliberately trying to remain twelve years old mentally. They do not profit by the experience they have gained, nor by the experience of others.

You can develop these God-Given faculties by yourself—without outside help; or you can do as **SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND** other people have done—study Pelmanism.

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General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.

Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G. C. B., G. C. V. O.

Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind-Training," has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE.** Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

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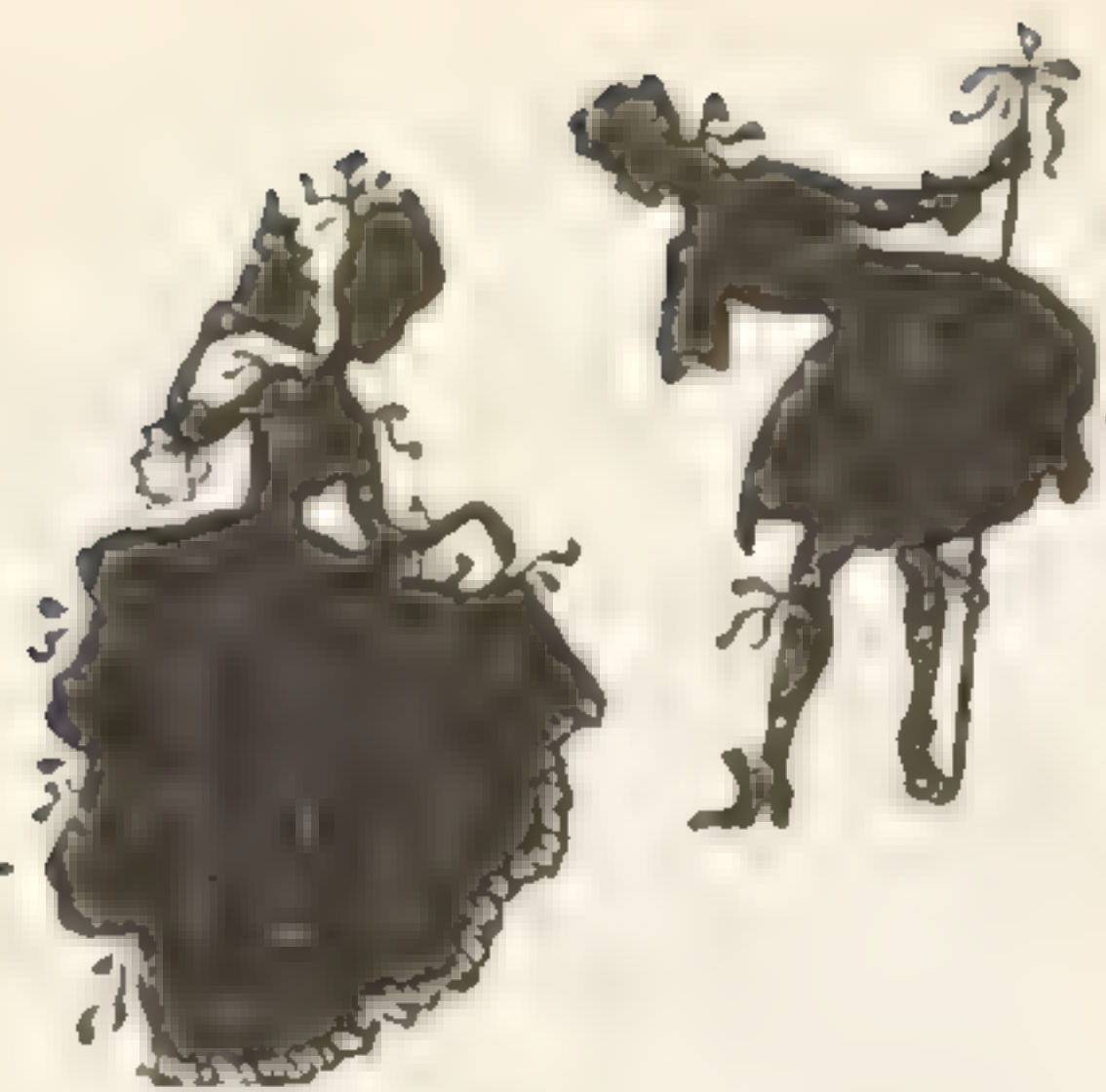
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FRANCES MARION Tells You
ALL ABOUT SCREEN LIFE
See page 90 of this issue.

Every Kick on Broadway is a step toward Pictures

(Continued from page 19)

I mean thrones—and ruthlessly tear up the contract of any dancing girl who fails to keep in trim. Too many flamingoes' tongues, and out she goes. Contour, my dears, is everything. But outside of this little difference, the Dancing Girls of yesterday and today are twisters under the skin.

Yes; you can count at least a round—but not too round—dozen dancing girls in pictures today. They danced their way in, and they must keep moving if they hope to please. The movies must have the best of everything. They understand this—their understanding is simply wonderful. You'll go a long way before you'll find anything like it. Because wherever or whenever any girl displays perfect understanding, along comes a movie king, sees her, and signs her. Understanding—at both ends.

Come on you Dancing Girls! The more the merrier. The directors can always use a gross or so for the Big Banquet Scenes, and you may be picked out of the mob for a close-up. Then, after a bit here and a bit there—maybe a real part. And then,—why, stardom, of course—as if you didn't know that all the time!

Look at Joan Crawford. Not so long ago Joan was Lucille Le Sueur, a dancing girl in a Chicago cabaret revue, delighting the crowds with her beauty and her graceful stepping. But Joan wasn't satisfied. She wanted a larger audience for her twinkling toes. New York, with the welcome on its mat for youth and grace, found a place for Joan in musical comedy. She liked her dancing job so well that she took another, after show hours, as a performer in a night club. Soon she found herself a featured twirler in the Passing Show of 1925. It looked as if Joan—I mean Lucille was no passing fancy on Broadway but a permanent institution. Now, everybody in the world visits the Winter Garden sooner or later—and Harry Rapf, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer magnate, was no exception. He saw the show one night, and made a mental note of the fact that Lucille Le Sueur was a "bet" for films. A screen test of the young dancer was forthcoming. If this were a fairy-tale, boys and girls, the screen

test would turn out to be a wow, a knock-out, and a riot, and Lucille would be on the road to stardom—just like that. But, boys and girls, this is not a fairy-tale; it's a true story. And that screen test was not—so—good. Mr. Rapf still had faith in his judgment and saw that the girl was given a second test and instructed more explicitly in the art of movie make-up. Nothing seemed to come of this, either, and when Lucille went west to Kansas City to spend Christmas with her folks, a future on the screen was the last thing she was thinking of. Presents from New York shops for mother and brother; the homey Christmas with real old-fashioned cooking—the little dancing girl was just a kid, going home for the holidays. But Santa Claus, wise old bird, had something up his sleeve, and he slipped it in her stocking. Her Christmas present was a telegram from California telling her that the second test was a success and that if she wanted to, she could report to the studios in Culver City for work. Could she! Can't you see those folks in K. C. when the pride and joy of the family—the beautiful daughter who had already made 'em sit up and take notice in New York—was summoned to try her luck in a movie studio?

After Lucille Le Sueur had attracted some attention in small roles for a while, the public was asked to vote on a new name for a new star. The public chose Joan Crawford—and she's still one of the chosen. She has kept on dancing—before the camera, in "The Taxi Dancer," for instance; and after, at Hollywood parties. It's her dancing that still gives her the biggest kick—and us, too.

Sally Rand is being groomed for featured roles at the Cecil B. deMille Studios. And you know what that means. Or don't you? Well, it means that some day, if she's plucky and lucky, Sally will step right up into the front row of the stellar chorus whose graduates include such famous names as Gloria Swanson, Leatrice Joy, Vera Reynolds, and Jacqueline Logan. It means something to be picked as a deMille possibility—it's a distinction craved by every



Ⓒ Syd Chaplin and the hyphen in
"The Missing Link".

young, ambitious actress in Hollywood. And Sally is "It"—and deserves it. She was Billie Beck, a dancer in a vaudeville revue, once upon a time. High kicking, intricate stepping was Billie's business; and she was making good at it. Then a tour took her to California—and it was there that she heard the siren call of the kleigs. Billie Beck became Sally Rand; and high kicking and fancy stepping made way for heavy emoting and plain and fancy dramatics. Sally-Billie is making good all over again—as one of the most promising youngsters in pictures. P. S. She hasn't forgotten how to dance.

Because Dorothy Sebastian has a keen sense of rhythm and the ability to dance to it, Dorothy is at the head of the line of candidates for M-G-M featured honors. The li'l gal from Alabam' became a dancer because she knows her ukelele, words and music; and she knows the steps to match the tunes. The Sebastian dance to film fame and fortune was to Music by George White's Scandals. It was like this—stop me if you've heard this one. No? Dorothy had made her first public appearance doing the mannequin strut at fashion shows. She rather liked it, but how much more fun, she thought, to appear in a real, live show—with music, and dancing, and everything. No sooner thought than put into practice, with Dorothy. She'd heard the music for

(Continued on page 94)

The Babe Bats Out

(Continued from page 35)

so that Babe could reach training camp in time, strangely enough no one seemed to mind working so hard. It was for Babe. So that he could finish on time, and that was enough. It was a "carry on" spirit that always turns work into play.

The last scene was shot, and true to the end, the gang met at the train to see Babe off for the east. We were laughing and talking, talking and laughing, with not a thing funny to talk or laugh about. Even the title, hitched across the back of the train, was sad. "Babe Comes Home," it read, while really, after all, wasn't he going home? They threw "lies" round our necks—we never do quite know what those are all about. They took a flashlight picture—maybe two. Babe was leaning over the rail of the car, sort of smiling and speaking to the gang altogether as if he didn't dare look at any single one of us too long. Then, like a straw to a man who is lost, the musicians tuned up with the saddest song on earth—"Aloha."

I'll never forget Babe as he stood there—all the big six feet of him, the broad shoulders, the massive, athletic frame, and still for the life of him looking like a sorry little boy, aching, just aching to cry and not quite able to keep the awful sob away.

So the train pulled out. Wiping his eyes, we heard him call rather trembly and weak:

"Aw, darn it, Boys, good-by. I'll be coming back soon."

"After all, it's kind of hard to say good-by, isn't it Mick?" I asked on the way out. "Didn't it make you cry a little tiny bit?"

"Me, cry!" came back the kid, sort of fierce-like and turning his head to keep away a dampish cheek. "Fellas never cry."

His chin quivered, his eyes shone, and he took a deep, deep breath right from his ten-year old soul as he asked me:

"Say, ain't he the greatest, greatest man that ever lived?"

What would you have said?

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(Continued from page 93)



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White's Scandals; had played it on her responsive uke, had danced to it. She knew it by heart and liked it—so she picked that show. The "No Admittance" sign at the stage-door of the Apollo Theatre didn't mean Dorothy. She walked in and stood in the wings watching a rehearsal. A young man came up to her and asked what she was doing there. "I want to see Mr. White," she replied loftily. The young man politely enquired what she wanted to see him about. "What's it to you?" retorted Dorothy. "Well, do you want to work in this show, or what?" he persisted. "Yes, I do. I like the music," said Miss Sebastian. Further conversation revealed Dorothy's lack of stage experience and her determination to bluff it through if she met Mr. White. "But what will you do if he asks you to sing and dance?" asked the young man. "Oh, I'll just say I'm not feeling so well and will show him tomorrow!" laughed Dorothy. "Where are you from?" asked the young man. "Alabam!" crooned the intrepid young lady. He laughed. "I knew it!" he said. "All right, Alabam—step right in line." Note to ambitious young ladies: don't try this with George White unless you're positively sure you look like Dorothy Sebastian, have Dorothy's Alabama accent, and Mr. White is in a good humor. She got the job; but you might not. And Dorothy kept the job. She was one of the bevy of Scandals beauties when she happened to meet Alice Terry. Her piquance impressed Alice so much that the film star boosted the chorus girl for the part of the little sister in "Sackcloth and Scarlet". You know the rest if you are any student of filmology at all. You've seen Dorothy's pout in "The Demi-Bride" and Dorothy's smile in "Slide, Kelly, Slide"; and you're hoping to see more of her.

Speaking of George White—he's a little boon to the picture business, that's what he is. He trains 'em—and we grab 'em. The girls in his Scandals shows are famous for their beauty and dancing ability; and when they are famous enough to do Mr. White's shows some real good, the movies cry for them; and being tender-hearted girls they just have to answer. Louise Brooks was one of his most highly-prized attractions when the movies moaned and she hurried off to comfort the poor things. The Costello girls, too—why yes, didn't you know? Dolores, the tragedy queen, and Helene, her sister, were once chorus cuties. It was this way. They were planning to plunge into vaudeville as a sister act when their dad advised them to go to see George White, who might be able to give them some advice as to their future careers. Like good girls they obeyed their daddy—but after George saw them they had to give up their vaudeville ambitions because George wanted them to start right in as a pair of pretty Scandals. And it's a good thing those Costello kids joined the chorus instead of embarking on a vaudeville adventure. When their show was playing Chicago, a representative of Warner Brothers was in the audience. He saw the girls and—always on the look-out for new talent for his firm—went back-stage afterwards to talk to them. It wasn't until then that he found out they were the daughters of Maurice Costello, the first movie idol, the combination Gilbert-Colman-Haines of his day. Movie tramping was in their blood. What ho, for Hollywood! But somehow, once there, fat parts didn't seem to come their way. They were just beginning to wonder if, after all, dad had been right as usual, and playing maids in the movies was really better than dancing in the chorus—when



¶ Vera Steadman in Paramount Christie Comedies.

John Barrymore saw Dolores and demanded her services for "The Sea Beast". Dolores rode to fame on this whale of a picture; and today she has the honor of being the only living actor or actress in the world who ever stole a scene from John Barrymore—and, apparently, made him like it. Helene is finding her forte in light comedy. And maybe you think Dad Costello isn't happy now!

Josephine Dunn was the Kid of the Chorus in "Good Morning Dearie". All chorus girls are supposed to be very young and most of them are; but Josephine was the youngest chorus girl who ever strutted her stuff. She wasn't quite fifteen when she decided to try her luck on the stage and, unbeknownst to her folks, stepped into a job with the Charles Dillingham show. Josephine was the pride and pet of that musical hit because she looked even younger than she was, and was as naive and unspoiled as she looked. She continued in the chorus and found herself among those present in "Kid Boots", the Eddie Cantor comedy. It never occurred to her when she was dancing around the diminutive star, that she would soon be working on the same movie lot. Although she was a real movie fan, serious thoughts of a film future had never even entered her fluffy blonde head. It wasn't until she accompanied a girl friend to the Paramount studio for tests that movie work for herself became a possibility. While the girl-friend was before the camera, somebody said to Jo: "Why don't you try movies, yourself?" The little blonde from Broadway laughed it off, until another studio standby suggested the same thing. The Paramount Picture School for promising young aspirants to screen fame was just then being formed, and after more persuasion, Miss Dunn joined. As it turned out, her blonde beauty registered, and she was a success from the start. After "Fascinating Youth" she was given the leading rôle in "Love's Greatest Mistake"; and now she's in Hollywood playing the only girl in the cast of the new Wallace Beery picture, "Fireman Save My Child!" Josephine says, "I'm just the love interest in the fire-house," which shows she hasn't lost the sense of humor which made her a favorite on the stage and which—if a clever director can capture it—will make her one of the best little bets in films.

If you saw the stage play, "The Beggar on Horseback", you haven't forgotten the lovely pantomime in which a beautiful dancer from Scandinavia took the town by storm. She was programmed as Greta Ruzth-Nissen, and acclaimed the most gorgeous girl that New York had seen since—since the last one. In other words, the tall blonde who danced the part of the Princess in the pantomime opposite George Mitchell was a great hit, and even on the opening night people were speculating as to which movie company would sign her up. We didn't speculate long. Paramount had her name on a contract before you could say it. Unfortunately the parts she was given to play did not offer her the chance she deserved—it wasn't until "Blonde or Brunette" that she shone. Now keep your eye on Greta—she'll show us yet; and it can't possibly hurt your eyes.

Carol Dempster was a student of Terpsichore—at Ruth St. Denis's school, Denishawn—before D. W. Griffith visualized her quiet grace for the films. Not that Carol would ever put it that way. She'd call it dancing and let it go at that. Carol isn't one of those girls who calls her acting art—though it is, all the same.

Julanne Johnstone's training as a dancer won her the coveted lead opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad"; and the easy poise which comes to an experienced dancer is still standing her in good stead. It's no hardship to watch Julanne glide across a scene. Two fair graduates of the Follies seminary are Mae Murray and Jackie Logan. Sure, Mae was a Follies girl; she was probably the first Famous Follies Beauty. She danced at her own supper

club, too, before pictures claimed her. Mae is another girl who has never stopped dancing and never will. Look what a waltz did for her. Jacqueline Cavort in Mr. Ziegfeld's renowned revue before Allan Dwan picked her for pictures. Now she is heralded far and wide as the Mary Magdalene of deMille's "King of Kings".

Avonne Taylor has just left New York and the Follies for Hollywood and the films. Metro-Goldwyn saw her patrician beauty and said, "Go west, young woman". You'll see her soon. Helen Lee Worthing is a recruit from revues who is making good as a movie actress. Did you know that Marion Davies was one of the best-known dancers of the Great White Way's younger set before she became a celluloid queen? Marion was even then famous for her spun-gold hair, her laughing eyes—and a delightful little lisp and stammer that betrayed itself when she had a number all to itself—it's too bad you can't hear that lisp on the screen.

Oh, yes, and there's another little girl we might mention who has done a little dancing now and then—Gilda Gray by name. She shook herself right into the jumping gelatines and now she has the whole world quivering with her, instead of just the few millions she used to amuse on Broadway.

If their mothers had never sent them off to dancing school when they were kids, we might not be cheering for them now. But they did, and we are—clap hands! Give these beautiful Dancing Girls your support—not that they need it, with such perfectly swell supports of their own.

Dreams That Come Across

(Continued from page 33)

She brought him all her sympathy. She was eighteen and much in love. The world was cruel to him but so has it been to all great souls. She comforted him. Perhaps she should have used a club or read the riot act to him but she wasn't that sort. She lifted him on her shoulders and put him up on his Pegasus. She bathed his brow and set his gaze back in the clouds.

And then, with indomitable pluck or unfathomable folly . . . and there isn't much difference . . . they took the bull by the horns and got married . . . without a job . . . without a cent.

Perhaps Fate, in the face of great folly, is dumbfounded, or when challenged by great courage is non-plussed, beaten. Perhaps, in admiration of its conqueror, Fate is a good loser . . . ?

However that may be, over their frugal wedding breakfast in a modest restaurant they read an ad in a newspaper wanting the services of a young married couple to take care of a gentleman's farm for the two months the owners were, ironically enough, luxuriating in the hills of California.

They rode out to the suburbs and their youth and enthusiastic energy got the jobs . . . gardener and housekeeper.

Thus were the next two months taken care of . . . April and May—amid the perfume of fragrant flowers and the angelic

chatter of song birds, busy as they were with their new homebuildings.

The month of April—young April—rolled by on a golden chariot. Never was such an April! Never were there more glorious stars, pinker downier clouds . . . He wrote poetry between spadefuls, fancied himself Tom Moore. Sang, shouted, flung melodies to the sky. She helped the birds with their twitterings. The gap between Heaven and Earth was bridged as with a golden plank over which they came and went, their happy feet flinging up rainbow dust.

And then a man—a common mortal—came into their picture; a motion picture person looking for a location just such as theirs, and persuasively induced them to allow his company of artists to pose before their lovely garden—using them for local color.

And Fate, still generous, played with a prodigal hand. They both screened like a million dollars, and were offered a contract to play small parts, and so, on and on to solid substantial success.

And now he is one of the most skillful directors. Full of dreams for greater pictures, and she is the mother of five gloriously radiant children, whose heads are touched by the beauty of pink clouds, and whose souls are alive with the melody of great Music.

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On The "Trail of '98"

(Continued from page 37)

through that of our new friend. Such a character as this was not going to escape my reporter's grasp.

As we made our way back to the train he said, "Say, the Klondike ain't no place for a woman. You got no business bein' up here."

"This is a movie company on location," I said sternly.

He smiled. "Ain't it funny? When I seen Chilkoot Pass again I guess I sorta forgot where I was at. Took me back to '98. I was in the gold rush."

I insisted that he come right into our car and as we seated ourselves I asked the assistant director who he was. "Just an extra man," he said. "Good type. With a beard."

Well, I have been through the Klondike gold rush twice. Once with Clarence Brown. Once with Slim Morgan. During those four weeks of the most terrific hardships that any motion picture company has ever endured, the scenes of those first mad days were re-lived.

Slim Morgan's career was as varied as it was colorful. At the age of 25 he had taken a steamship from San Francisco and had crossed over Chilkoot Pass with thousands of others. When he reached Dawson City his work as a prospector began. Not once did he find riches. But his faith in the future remained. Gold had gotten into his blood and his life became a series of pilgrimages to various strikes. At the age of fifty-four he had discovered himself in California searching the hills for gold. There were those who had called him crazy.

And then he saw an announcement in the paper that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was shortly to produce "The Trail of '98" an epic of the north from the famous Robert W. Service novel.

Slim Morgan came down into Culver City and applied for work. "Good type", someone said in the casting office. And Slim was hired as an extra. And here he was re-living the days when, as a lad, so full of hope, so full of the enthusiasm for gold he had ploughed his way to the Yukon River. The amazing part about him was that he had never lost faith in the future.

He is as confident now as he was the day he read the newspaper account of the unlimited wealth to be found in the Klondike and that some day he would make a strike.

Most of our days were spent at work. And such work! I shall never forget one scene. Picture, if you can, two thousand men weaving their way like ants, up, up, up that steep grade. Backs bent to the packs they carried (Clarence Brown had tried to "get away with" fake packs but the effect was not the same, so the bags were loaded). The blinding blizzard, and the wind—always the wind—an incessant accompaniment to the grinding of the camera. Twenty minutes' work and then rest. Clarence Brown did not once ask any man or woman to do anything that he himself did not do. In fact he worked harder than anyone else. Frozen faces. Frost bitten fingers. The camera on parallels and moving cars being whipped by the elements. That long, agonizing trip up, up, up, over the pass being made again and again. The hundreds of dogs and every other animal that could possibly draw a burden through the snow (The malamute leader, born on the Manitoba Pass in 1921, died from the cold). The snow slides that came without warning—one of them was almost fatal to two men. The breath taking altitude and the wind. I do think that the wind was almost the worst of all.

That is the way I went through the '98 gold rush with Clarence Brown and his company. Handsome Ralph Forbes, so gently reared, taking it all like a veteran. Big Karl Dane, almost weeping when the mountain sickness hit him and he thought he could not work. Sweet old Tully Marshall, who bore up like the good scout he is. Amusing Polly Moran, with her ubiquitous smart cracks, that broke the stern faces. Sturdy Harry Carey and all the rest, working to put over an historic motion picture.

Slim Morgan went through the work with the pack on his back as he had done in the real days. There was a fanatical look in his eyes sometimes, I believed. And several times I know that he had stepped back over the years, had completely forgotten that he was a motion picture extra and was once



© Jacqueline Gadsden and the German police dog who appears with her in "The Thirteenth Hour".

again young Slim Morgan in search of gold.

In the evenings we sat in the car—how warm it was—and Slim recounted his adventures. He discovered an old crony, Frank N. Smith, the technical director. Smith was associated with the Alaska Commercial Company in Dawson City and had, himself, followed that trail.

I shall never forget the look on Slim's face when he saw him, "It ain't Frank Smith of the A. C.?" he said amazed.

Well, there was a "remember the time when" meeting every evening after that. Clarence Brown, as alert for a novel situation as a newspaper man is for copy, missed not a word of their reminiscences. He steeped himself in the atmosphere.

Slim would begin, "Say, Smith, remember the time that awful pretty little girl from Montreal got into town, with her fine clothes and her high ways?" And turning to me, he would add sternly, "The Klondike ain't no place for women."

Or again, "Will yu ever fergit the night Charlie Kipp come runnin' in drunk as a fool, goin' to shoot up the town 'cause he claimed Injun Joe stole his dust?" That was good for at least an hour.

And again sadly, "It was a funny thing, Smith, that I never made a strike," then brightening, "but I'm young yit and thar's gold somewheres. I'll strike it, by God!"

Clarence Brown would sit in on these reminiscences meditatively. But one morning we woke up and Slim was not to be found. After breakfast an extra man came to Brown with a note. It was from Slim and it read, "I took the food train for Denver last night. I hope you don't mind, Mr. Brown. I know I won't never be missed in the picture. I hope it's a good picture. I left when I heard about something. One of the porters was telling me that they're thinking about opening up a new road up north. I thought maybe there might be gold in them hills. Thanks for everything you've done."

Slim's sudden departure left an empty place in our nightly gatherings. I will admit that once or twice I did doze over a long winded yarn, but we had all of us felt a vital force in the man, that dogged determination, that ever brilliant hope in the future. His final gesture was exactly like him. He could have left in no other way.

I watched Brown that night. He was meditative and when the others had straggled into the parlor car he said, "The gold rush was exactly like making a motion picture, wasn't it? You're always hoping to do the big thing. Every director, I'm sure, feels just like Slim. Someday, he thinks, he'll find gold in one of those hills. Someday he'll make the big strike. I think we all of us feel that 'The Trail of '98' is going to be a great picture. And we'll feel the same way about our next picture! And we keep on and on and on and the only realities in the world are the unrealities."

We left Corona five days later, fagged, some of us ill, but over-joyed at going back home. Possibly our group is the last group of people who will ever set foot there again, because the great Moffat tunnel is completed and the tracks will be taken away from those few sheds forever.

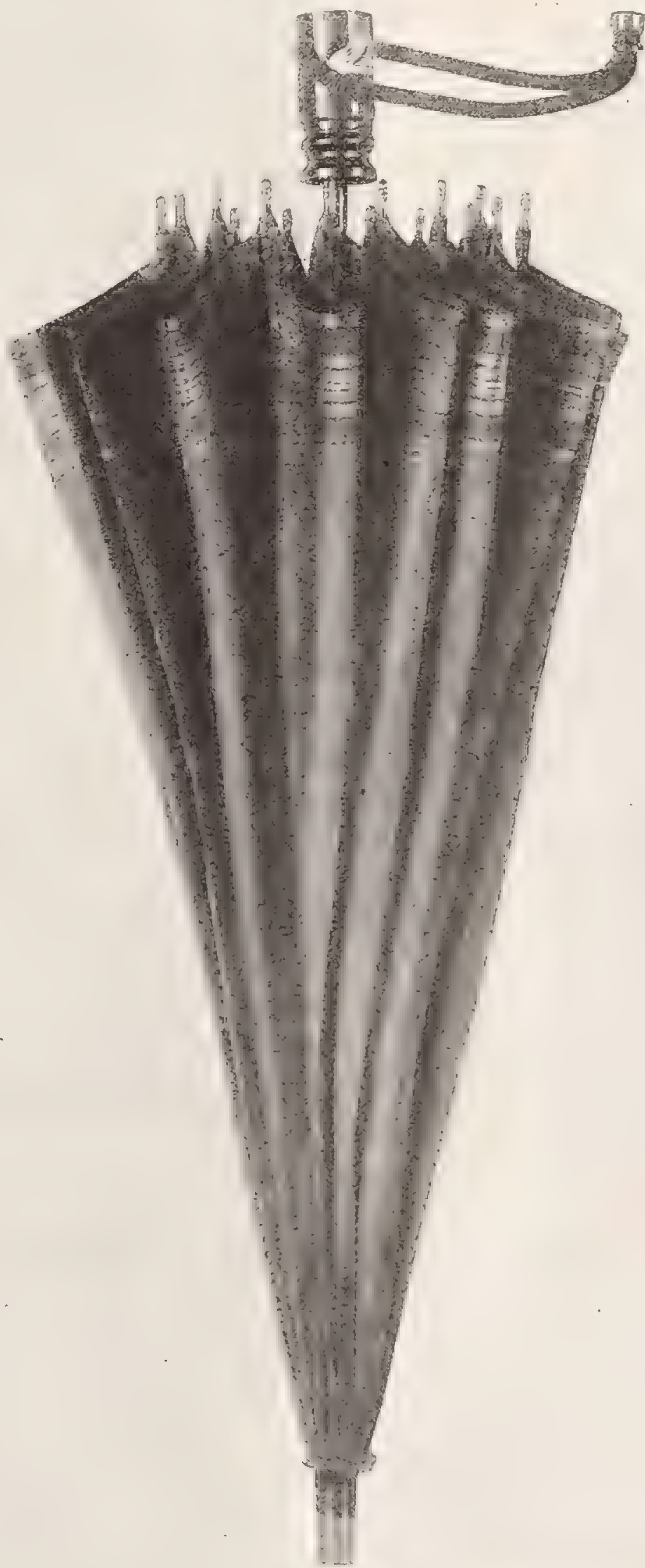
I left thankful, feeling that I had been a part in the making of history. All during the time I heard no grumbling, no complaining. Everyone did his work and kept his mouth shut about the hardships.

And I wonder just how much Slim Morgan had to do with it. His name will not appear on the cast. He was just an extra man. But not one of us will forget him.

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I Helped Raise Hollywood

(Continued from page 21)

of these articles my work carried me into every department of practically every studio in Movieland, so that I came in personal contact with all its functionaries from the biggest star to the lowliest worker.

And still furthermore, I have worked with all these pleasant people in every capacity from that of gag man to director. Yes, I have even acted! And though none of you ever wrote and asked me for a photograph of my Greek facade, Charlie Chaplin assures me I acted much better than the dog whose life he was filming.

And still, still furthermore, I have known these people socially; I have slept in their beds, eaten their artichokes and played with their dogs and children—and they mine.

So why shouldn't I know about your film favorites. I have seen Malcolm St. Clair grow from a bashful little art student of mine into a great director. I have watched Monte Blue emerge from a handy man on the set to one of our brightest stars. I have travelled the world over with Charlie Chaplin and have been with Charles and Clara Ray through fortune and failure. I have helped Lubitsch with his English while he introduced me to newer beauties in German home life. I have laughed with Harold Lloyd and cried with Mabel Normand.

In other words these people are my friends—friends with whom I am still growing up. And so if I appear partial in my pictures of them it will be because my partiality is rooted in love. And love always overlooks one's superficial defects and seeks the greater and oftentimes hidden virtues.

Charlie Chaplin stingy? I have seen him give away more money than I shall ever earn. As for me, well he is as interested in my success as though I was his brother. He would have the world believe him to be unsentimental but I've seen him keep his

whole studio crew on salary months and months on end without doing a stroke of work.

Do Doug and Mary live on bees' knees and bubbles? One day I said to Doug; "Why don't you and Mary get out and mix more? You live up on that hill like a pair of hermits." Doug doesn't smoke. They serve no liquor and their greatest excitement of an evening is to run a picture in their own home and then discuss it.

"Bob," he replied, "we don't dare go places. If Mary and I attended a dinner at the Ambassador and the hotel happened to be raided who would be on the front page of every paper in the country? The fellow with the liquor? Not at all. Mary!" And then with a regretful look at the fun they miss he added, "It would cost us a million fans who believe in us and a million dollars. No, we can't afford to take the chance."

One night after Charlie Ray's financial collapse we were all sitting around the fireplace in our Beverly Hills home and I was talking the elder statesman stuff to the melancholy boy.

"It's true that Clara and I have been dreadfully extravagant," he said looking thoughtfully into the grate, "but after all, Bob, the bootlegger or the night clubs didn't get it. We spent it all on our home. And we loved our home above everything." And if you only knew the beauty of that home and their home life—you could understand and forgive their 'extravagance'.

No, the world knows little of the hopes and heartaches of these children of the cinema, and so if you will regard this first piece of mine rather as a promise than as a fulfillment I shall let you know a lot of pretty things that may give you a new estimate of your heroes and heroines.



Jason Robards and Rin-Tin-Tin in "Tracked By The Police".

Ask Me

(Continued from page 4)

wood studio. No, they haven't done any Vitaphoning; their art is silent. Irene is the mother of two daughters; she was recently married again. Dolores and Helene aren't married or engaged. Monte is happily married to pretty Tove Blue, and there's a little Blue baby—well, you know what I mean.

Old-Timer. A fan is as old as he feels—and I refuse to admit I'm an old-timer just because I remember seeing Polly Frederick, in "The Eternal City". Take a tip from me. Miss Frederick, one of the greatest actresses who ever trouped, is now emoting in London, England, as the star of "Madame X". She is also making a movie over there for a British company.

Mona B. You want to know if anyone has a few pictures of Virginia Lee Corbin to trade for pictures of Ann Pennington, Gilda Gray or William Haines. Speak up, anybody! You might try Constance Riquer, President of the Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club. She conducts a photo-exchange service and might have just what you want. Virginia should be immensely flattered by such a preference. But Mona, won't Ann's and Gilda's and Bill's feelings be hurt? You'd better think over this rash offer.

Helen Sanders. Elaine Hammerstein is married and apparently has retired from the screen. At any rate, she has made no recent appearances. Laura La Plante is Mrs. William Seiter; she works at Universal City, Cal. Colleen Moore is Mrs. John McCormick. Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert, Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Vera Reynolds, Cecil deMille Studio, Culver City, Cal. Virginia Valli in "Evening Clothes" with Adolph Menjou, for Paramount. Florence Vidor in "Afraid to Love"—Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Miss Vidor's next will be "The World at her Feet", in which Arnold Kent will be her new leading man. Ben Lyon, First National, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City. Ben has been on the coast but will doubtless be back in Manhattan by the time you read this. The Lyon-Marilynn Miller engagement has been denied again and again; and strictly speaking, it just can't be, as Miss Miller is still legally Mrs. Jack Pickford. Ben has never been married.

Anxious. Lois Moran, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Ben Lyon are all unattached. Lois is working at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood. She lives with her mother and the six-year-old adopted sister, Betty. Yes, she's

Rob Wagner will have the first of his intimate, inside, confidential Hollywood stories in SCREENLAND next month.

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a darling—everybody likes Lois, and no wonder. There's no sweeter, more unspoiled girl in pictures—and I'm not her press agent, either. She doesn't need one. Of course Doug, Senior, is proud of Doug, Junior. Wouldn't he be a funny father if he wasn't? He "didn't raise his boy to be an actor"—but when Doug the first saw what a good one Doug the second turned out to be, dad became his best booster. Flobelle Fairbanks, who appears in support of Gloria Swanson in "*The Love of Sunya*", is Doug's niece. She has the Fairbanks smile, too.

Ruth, South Bend. Pola Negri's real name is Appolonia Chalupcz. She changed it to Pola Negri—abbreviating the first name and taking the last because of her great admiration for the Polish translations of the verse of Ada Negri, Italian poetess. She was born in Bromberg, Poland. She attended school until she was sixteen; then went to Warsaw to dramatic school, where she completed a three-year course in one year. She made her stage debut in a play by Suderman, and cemented her stage success in the pantomime "*Sumurun*". Her work in this interested her in the motion pictures, and she herself produced her first film, called "*Love and Passion*". As a result of this she was engaged by UFA to appear in "*Du Barry*"—which was released in America as "*Passion*", and led to her American contract with Paramount. The first Negri-Paramount picture was "*Bella Donna*". Miss Negri was once, in private life, the Countess Domski, but she is not married now. Write to her at Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal., but don't ask her as many questions as you asked me!

Handy Andy. And still they come, these stars from Europe. The latest importations are Maria Corda and her director-husband Alexander Corda; and Marietta Millner, from Berlin, who has been signed by Paramount. Mme. Corda will be a First National star and her American debut film will be "*The Private Life of Helen of Troy*"—and maybe you think every other star in pictures wouldn't give at least ten years off her private life to play that fat part! John Erskine certainly wrote something when he wrote Helen. Now who do you think should play his "*Galahad*"? I vote for Ramon Novarro.

Evelyn of Boise. You'll find some of your questions answered elsewhere. As for Rod La Rocque, he is still working at the Cecil deMille Studios in spite of some dissension over billing. Rod says his name should be in bigger letters than it has been. Well, I've been trying to get the Editor to print my name in bigger, blacker type for ages, and it doesn't do any good. So I'm curious to see how Rod comes out. I believe La Rocque answers his mail; but I advise you to write and find out—you will, anyway. Thanks for liking this department, and write again.

Slapstick. Put that down! Your old favorite, Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, is said to be coming back to pictures—in comedies to be made in Germany. Fatty, under the name of William Goodrich, has been directing pictures in Hollywood, including such comedies as Marion Davies' "*The Red Mill*". Arbuckle is in vaudeville just now, I believe; but will go to Berlin some time soon to begin his starring pictures. His wife, Doris Deane, will accompany him and play opposite the hefty comedian. Lots of folks will be glad to laugh at "Fatty" again. A jovial fun-maker is always welcome with any audience.

"Adanac" Mack, Flint, Mich. For the information of the fans who wish to know which stars and directors were born in Canada, here's a good list: Allan Dwan, Mary Pickford, John S. Robertson, Sydney Olcott, Earl Rodney, Toronto; Claire Adams, Reginald Barker, Winnipeg; Norma Shearer, Pauline Garon, Huntley Gordon, Montreal; Marie Prevost, Sarina, Ontario; Rockcliffe Fellowes, Ottawa; Joseph Kilgour, Ayr, Ontario. There are others, no doubt; but I can't think of them right now. Thanks, "Adanac"; drop in again sometime.

Julietta. Tom Mix was accidentally injured in the left eye while finishing "The Outlaws of Red River", when a blank cartridge burned his eyeball. He was obliged to rest for several weeks, but the injury was not permanent. Tom's right as rain now, which means he's just about right; and may be addressed care William Fox Studio, 1400 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Charles Rogers, Bebe Daniels, and Douglas McLean, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Colleen Moore, First National, Burbank, Cal.

Mrs. E. S. S., Tarrytown. I believe Vilma Banky answers her fan letters personally; at least, some of my readers have told me she answered them. Write to her care Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Culver City, Cal.

Mae F., Buffalo. You hope to hear from Charlie Chaplin? Well, you may and then again, you Mae not. Mr. Chaplin, as far as I know, does not attempt to write personal letters to his public. He is now in New York and may complete the filming of "The Circus" at the Cosmopolitan Studios; but beyond that I have no information as to his plans. His Hollywood studio address is 1416 La Brea Avenue. Good luck.

Boots of Peoria. Boots, boots boots—shoes, slippers, sandals—Curious little movie

fan wants to know the scandals. Sorry—I'm all out of scandal this month. Besides, your favorites are three of the nicest youngsters in pictures—Bills Haines and Boyd, and lovely Norma Shearer. Norma was born in Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904; she's five feet three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Norma has brown hair and blue eyes. Bill Haines was born in Staunton, Virginia, January 1, 1900. He is six feet tall and weighs 172 pounds; black hair and brown eyes. As for William Boyd, he's twenty-seven, and five feet ten inches tall. No—Bill's hair isn't naturally curly; he had it waved for his rôle in "The Volga Boatman"—honest. Bill Boyd is the only married member of your stellar trio; Elinor Faire is his Missus. Come again.

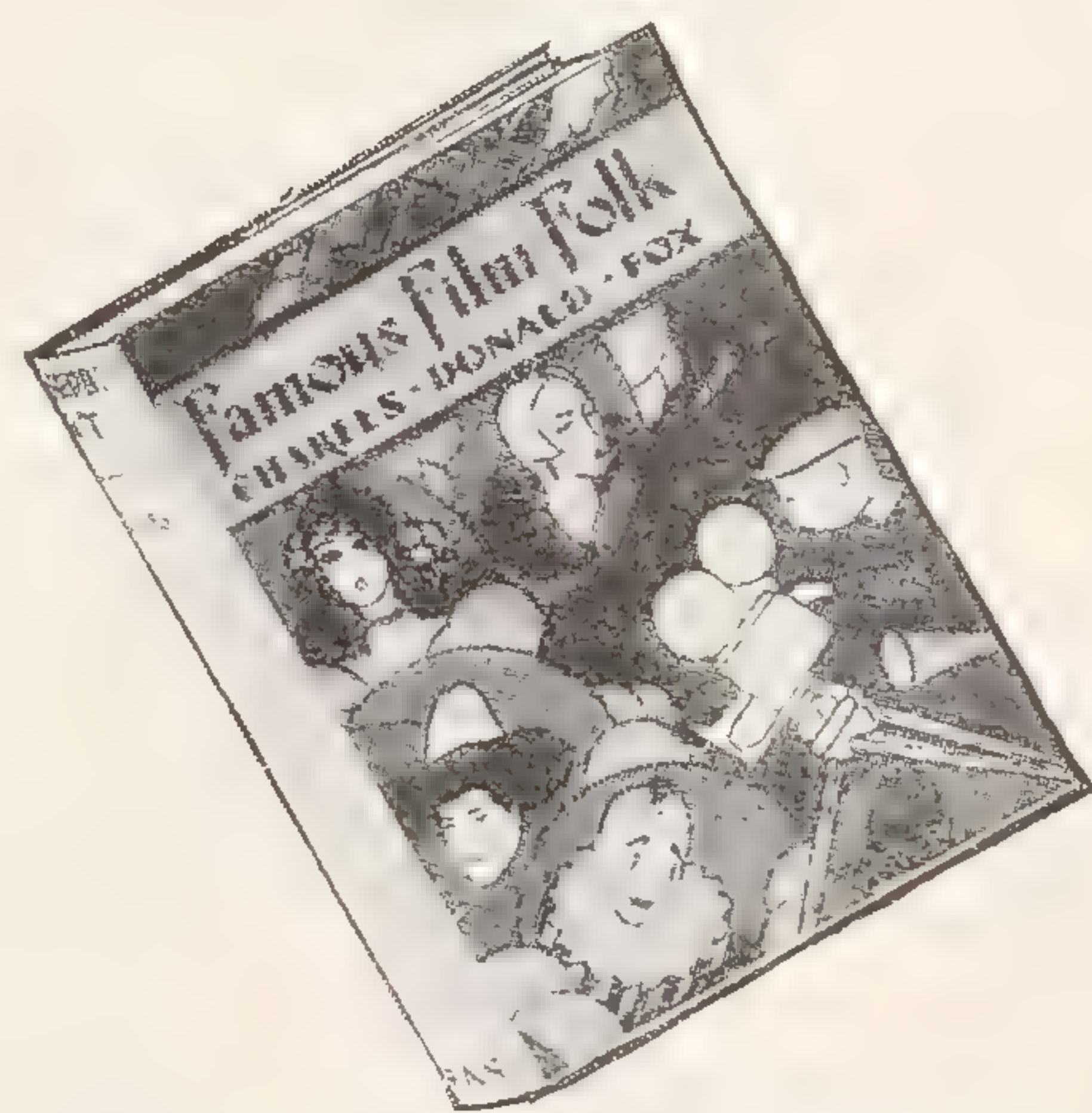
Orma, Middletown. If you really do look and dance like Connie Talmadge, you're probably the leader of your class—in It, anyway. Connie in "Venus of Venice" is what you and your class-mates would call "hot". Corinne Griffith is now a United Artists star; her first picture will probably be "The Garden of Eden", with Corinne's nice handsome husband, Walter Morosco, as supervisor of production. Corinne will also be seen in "Sunny", from the well-known musical comedy. Clara Bow, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

Gerry. You think pictures are getting hysterical—don't you mean historical? The screen is crowded with pictures of the "Old Ironsides" and "Rough Riders" school; but it's all right with me; I love 'em. War films are still going—and coming—strong. Universal is making a picture called "We Americans" which will trace American history from the Mayflower to the present. Col. Tim McCoy, M-G-M's western star, is making a drama right now dealing with the expedition of Gen. Kearney into California in 1846—and McCoy's other films have historical settings.

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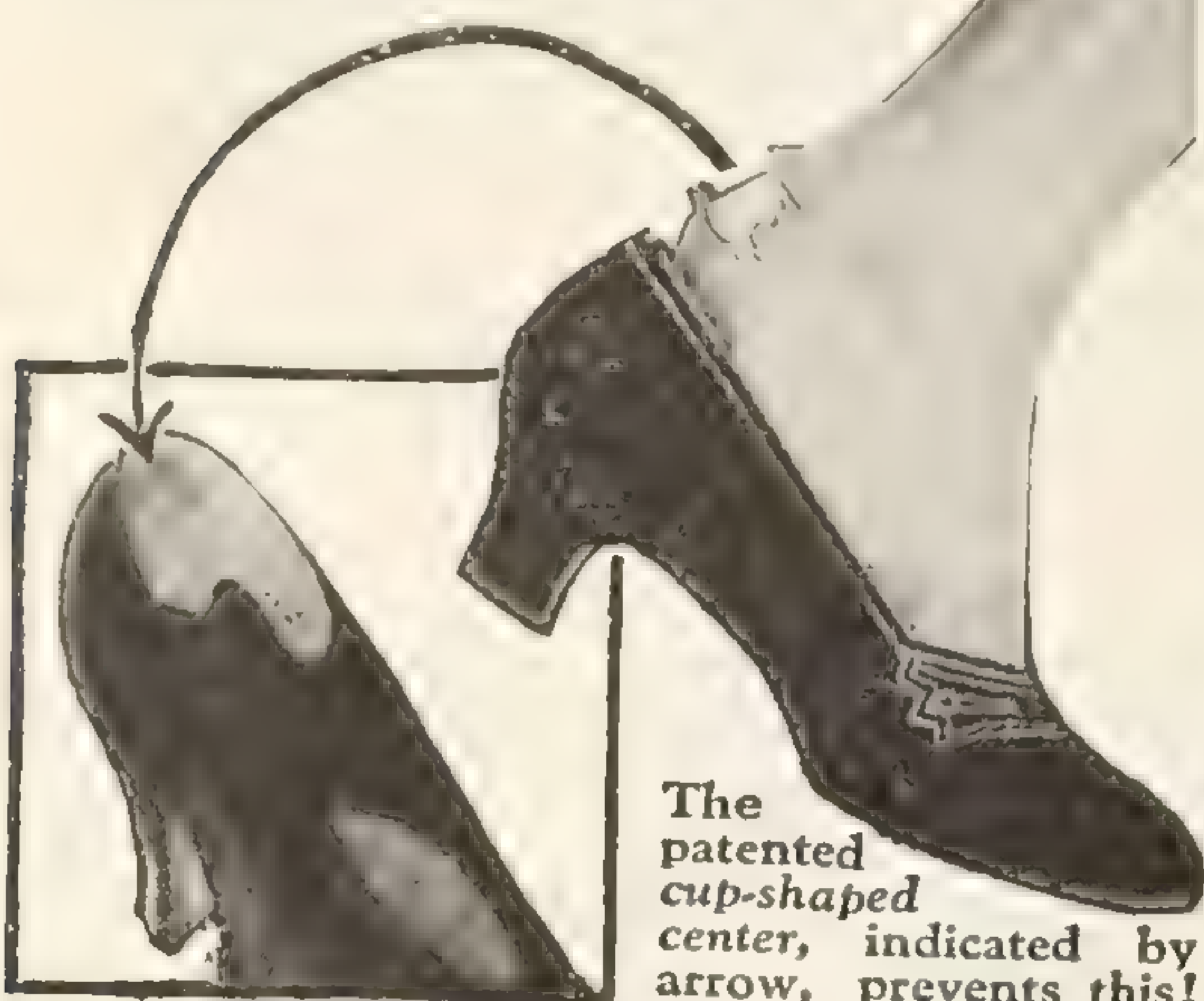
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Winifred Westover (Mrs. William S. Hart) with her small son, William S. Hart, Junior. Miss Westover may soon be seen in pictures again.

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E.S. GIVENS, 411 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

M. Mujamura, Honolulu. Very glad to hear from you and hope you will always enjoy SCREENLAND. Here are the addresses of the studios, for which you ask: Universal Studio, Universal City, California. F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Warner Brothers, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Fine Arts Studio, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Educational, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Write to "Our Gang" kids care Hal Roach, Culver City, Cal. Johnny Hines, Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Hoot Gibson's wife is not in pictures.

Kate K. If you read in my department that I could get girls in the movies, you had better consult an oculist. Your eyesight is not so good. I said just the opposite. And I say it again—I can't give girls movie chances. If I could, there's one girl I would give the first chance—and that's Miss Vee Dee. Know her?

J. H. Jackson, Mich. Yes—Rudolph and Joseph Schildkraut are related—very much so. Rudolph is the proud papa of Joseph and Joseph is the devoted son of Rudolph. Isn't Rudolph an old dear? I think he's a splendid actor. So's his young man. Both work for Cecil B. deMille at the deMille Studio in Culver City, Cal. Both are distinguished stage stars, hailing from Hungary. Both are married—Rudolph to his first, original and only wife, Joseph's mother. Joseph to Elise Bartlett, stage actress, who will soon be seen in a deMille photoplay. She is now playing in the stage play "The Firebrand" which is starring William Farnum, Ethel Clayton and Ian Keith now touring the West Coast.

Theone. Lots of requests for Helen Mundy's address—and I haven't got it. Helen, after making a hit as the mountain-girl heroine of "Stark Love", returned to her native southland and I haven't heard of her since. She's about seventeen or so. Write to her care of Paramount, Paramount Building, New York City, and maybe it will be forwarded. The young leading man of the same mountaineer picture is also wanted—by the public and the producers; but he—Forrest James by name—seems to have vanished, too. With thousands of movie aspirants clamoring at the studio gates, these two young folks turn their backs on pictures—in fact, even thumb their noses. Why, Miss Vee Dee!

Sandusky Question-Mark. You'd better

control your curiosity, you Ohio question-mark, or I'll have to turn over this whole column to you. Alice Terry is in the north of Africa making "The Garden of Allah" for her husband, Rex Ingram, and incidentally Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Don't confuse their Garden with "The Garden of Eden", which belongs exclusively to Corinne Griffith—in fact, it's Corinne's first picture for United Artists. Charlie Ray plays opposite Miss Griffith. Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Clara Bow, Betty Bronson, Wallace Beery, may all be reached at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Jennie. There's no bright particular star of "Our Gang"—you'll have to pick your own favorite. Mine is Snowball, or is it Little Farina? Write to them all care Hal Roach Studio in Culver City, Cal. Mickey Daniels, the famous freckled-faced kid who used to cavort at the head of the Gang; is now a great, big vaudeville star, touring the big cities in his own act. Such is fame. But he still sports the freckles.

Desperate Desmond. Don't you hiss around here. None of your "Ahas!" The Paramount picture company is a huge concern, once variously known as Paramount, Famous Players, and Lasky. Now the firm name has officially been changed to the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation. But just plain Paramount will do. You wouldn't wonder at the size of the name if you could see the huge new Paramount Building at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street, New York City. That's the eastern home of the Messrs. Zukor and Lasky and their interests. Got that straight, Desmond? And don't chew your mustache.

Billie from Annapolis. You've gone crazy over Mary Brian and Alberta Vaughn, have you? Well, don't go writing them crazy letters or their mothers may get after you. Alberta and Mary are both sweet little girls, about nineteen apiece, I should say—perhaps even younger. Anyway, they're awfully youthful. Mary works for Paramount. Neither is married. Alberta's sister, Ada Mae Vaughn, is also in the movies, having worked for F. B. O.

Maria, Mass. Ramon Novarro is Mexican, Antonio Moreno, Spanish, and Greta Garbo, Swedish. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., and that makes her American. Ramon and Greta are with Metro-Goldwyn; Mary Astor with First National at Burbank, Cal. Ramon and Tony have black hair; Greta, golden; Mary, red. Yes, I said red; I know



George Arliss and Reginald Denny. Denny's next picture is "Out All Night".



☞ Betty Jewel and a studio pal. Betty is the leading woman in "The Mysterious Rider," Jack Holt's next Zane Grey picture.

it's usually called Titian or auburn or something; but Mary's hair is red, and very long and beautiful. May she never bob.

Jackie. Now I think you wrote just to tease me. After that photo that the Editor used of me, how can you ask me for an autographed picture?

Lorraine. I'm afraid Bill Haines can't correspond with you. Think of the hard feelings if he selected one out of his million fans to write to regularly? You ask too much, Lorraine. You're lucky if you get an autographed photograph, what with Bill in training for a prize-fighting picture, and all. He's had the toughest training of any of our actin' boys—drilling for "Tell It to the Marines", pitching for "Slide, Kelly, Slide" and now punching for his next. William is twenty-seven, and not married—just an ideal young star, that's what he is. Metro-Goldwyn will get him.

Mary A. Hughes. Oh, how I hate to spell Ramon's real name—or try to. Here goes: Samiengos. He was born in Durango, Mexico. His more important pictures have been "Prisoner of Zenda", "Trifling Women", "Where the Pavement Ends", "The Arab"—all Rex Ingram films. "Ben Hur", "The Midshipman", "Lovers", and "Old Heidelberg"—more recently. He's five feet ten inches tall, weighs 160 pounds. And he isn't married. What would we do without Big Bill and Ramon?

S. E. H., New Haven. Has Conway Tearle ever been married? Well, I should say so! His present wife, Adele Rowland, musical comedy star, is his third or his fourth, I forget which. Mr. Tearle was born in N. Y. C., in 1882; had a long stage career with such stars as Ellen Terry, Billie Burke and Viola Allen. He's five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs 160, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. At present he is a free-lance player—which means he is not under contract to any one company, but plays around, so to speak, wherever the roles appeal to him. Louise Dresser was well-known in light opera before embarking upon a screen career. She is the wife of Jack Gardner, once an actor and now an agent. They live in Glendale, Cal. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., in 1894; and his real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. Unmarried.

Bella. I don't wonder you find it hard to keep up with your favorites' whereabouts. Lois Moran was with Paramount, but is now free-lancing; and her latest job is with Universal—opposite Norman Kerry in "Too Many Women". Norma Shearer's new film is "Liberty Bonds"—no, not Blondes—under Monta Bell's direction, with Larry Gray and Gwen Lee in the cast. Gray is under contract to Paramount but is often "borrowed" by other companies.

Jerry. Is Bill Boyd sociable? I don't know him, so I can't promise, but he looks sociable, I'm sure. But he's married, Jerry, and very happily, to Elinor Fair, and his sociability is confined to his home to a large extent. Boyd has a role in deMille's "King of Kings"—but that's nothing; so have Ernest Torrence, Robert Edeson, Victor Varconi, Kenneth Thomson, Joseph Schildkraut—and many others. Say hello to Bill for me when you meet him—but not too sociably.

Doris Rondeau. Many thanks for that fine photograph of Harry Langdon. It's on my desk now. To see it is to smile with it. I'm sorry, but SCREENLAND has discontinued its fan club department. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Seur. She was a dancer before she was discovered for the movies. She was born in San Antonio, Texas. Her first film was "Pretty Ladies" in which she was an extra. Next she had a real part in Jackie Coogan's picture, "Old Clothes". Then came "Sally, Irene and Mary", "Paris", "The Understanding Heart", "The Taxi Driver"; and now, "Winners of the Wilderness", "The Trail of '98", and "The Unknown". And of course, Doris, you remember her in Harry's comedy, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp". Write again and I will, too. P. S. Joan is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has dark hair and dark brown eyes. And she's the champeen stepper of Hollywood. Th-a-t's all!

Just Ollie. No—there haven't been many Olives in pictures. The only ones I can think of right now are Olive Hasbrouck and the late Olive Thomas. It's a pretty name, too. Lon Chaney, now known as "Mister Wu", should be addressed at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio; while Adolphe Menjou, that silk-hatted boulevardier of the films, works at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Adolphe is said to be engaged to marry Kathryn Hill, who, under the name of Kathryn Carver, plays the leading rôle opposite him in "The Head Waiter".

Lloyd Smith. All of your favorites are married except Margaret Livingston. Estelle Taylor is Mrs. Jack Dempsey; Billie Dove is Mrs. Irvin Willat; Wallace Beery has a young and beautiful wife. Estelle is under contract to United Artists, but should be addressed care the Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal. Her latest film was "New York". Miss Dove is now starring for First National. Wally Beery is making "Fireman Save my Child" for Paramount, with Raymond Hatton and Josephine Dunn his supporting players. Miss Livingston appears in "Sunrise", for William Fox.

Georgia. Dorothy Hughes married Phil Payne, a newspaper editor, and retired from the screen. Jack Luden, graduate of the Paramount School, is now with F. B. O. George K. Arthur with Karl Dane in "Rookies" for Metro-Goldwyn. You'll find the studio addresses elsewhere in these columns. The Paramount School is no longer in existence. The first class was graduated over a year ago and there will



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Charming Julia Faye resting between scenes of "His Dog"—her next picture.

not be another. The successful graduates were Josephine Dunn, Ivy Harris, Walter Goss, Thelma Todd, Iris Gray, Jeanne Morgan, Jack Luden, and Charles "Buddy" Rogers. Miss Gray has retired; Miss Morgan is with F. B. O. The others, with the exception of Luden, are all with Paramount, under contract.

Jasmin. You're wrong. Bobby Agnew isn't going to marry May McAvoy. Although they were pals for seven years, May never said "Yes"; and now I hear that Robert has proposed to Ann Rork and been accepted, with the wedding set for this summer. Miss Rork is the daughter of Sam Rork, a First National producer; and has appeared in several of her father's pictures. Virginia Browne Faire is now Mrs. Jack Daugherty.

Jack, Scranton. I don't give out personal addresses. The players like to kid themselves that they have a private life and I don't want to disillusion them. Studio addresses will always reach them. Greta Garbo, Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. She is not married either to John Gilbert or Mauritz Stiller. Vilma Banky, Samuel Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. Lya de Putti, Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Although Gloria Swanson is now making her new pictures in a Hollywood studio, you had better address her at her office 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, as that is permanent. Gloria's husband, the Marquis, is not in pictures, although it has been said that he contemplated a screen career. He is engaged right now in selling a certain make of French automobile to Americans. One of his recent customers was Marion Davies. How'd you like to buy a car from a Marquis? Wish I could!

Louise Troy. You do get all worked up over Cullen Landis, don't you? Cheer up—"On Guard", that Pathe serial in which he is appearing, appeals to a good many people. Serials always were popular and always will be. But we'll get a good acting

part for Cullen yet. Muriel Kingston, his leading woman in "On Guard", is what they call a "comer". Muriel is very young and only a few months ago was playing bits. Watch this pretty little blonde.

Elizabeth, Ohio. The reason you don't hear more about Harrison Ford is because he's the shyest man on the screen. He simply won't be bothered to talk about himself, not even for publication. But he's nice, isn't he? He lives somewhere in California—that's all I know about his home life. And that he is not married. Ben Lyon is working in New York. Marilynn Miller is appearing in Chicago in her musical comedy, "Sunny", and emphatically denies she contemplates establishing a permanent residence there for the purpose of suing Jack Pickford for divorce—and later marrying Ben.

Louise Cain. Dolores del Rio should be pleased to have such a staunch admirer. The beautiful Mexican girl is now starring in "Carmen", under Raoul Walsh's direction; and will soon be seen in "Romona", directed by Edwin Carewe, who "discovered" her. Dolores is featured also in the United Artists production, "Resurrection", by Count Leo Tolstoi, starring Rod La Rocque. She is married to Jaime del Rio, of an old and prominent Mexican family. We no longer run a fan club department, so cannot help you there. Write again, and often.

Iola, Rosebush, Michigan. Your town must have a perfume all its own. Thanks for the snapshot. I'll always be glad to hear from you. You're very sensible to decide not to be a movie star. Thirteen isn't usually so wise. Now for your questions. You pronounce Rod's last name La Rock. Mr. Cortez' first name is pronounced Rickare-dough, with the "are" accented, although there's plenty of the last syllable in Ric's salary check. He's married to Alma Rubens. Why not take up dancing? It's a sure cure for the blues. And it may land you in movies in spite of yourself.



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